

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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VIEW IN ZANTE AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE.

FROM A DRAWING BY MR. C. W. WYLLIE.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

Although I have been professionally "retained for the other side" for five-and-thirty years—that is, an editor—I have always had a tenderness for the rejected contributor. It is averred that he is always complaining and never satisfied, but his case is very similar as regards that matter to that of the gentleman subjected to corporal punishment, of whom it was said, "Hit high, hit low, you can never please him": so long as he is rejected, he is naturally *not* satisfied, no matter with what skilfulness and delicacy the rejection is broken to him. I have always endeavoured to put myself (where, indeed, I once was) into his position, and to make allowance for his natural indignation at my want of appreciation. Still, he is sometimes a little trying, and especially when he is personally known to one. He is content, of course, to let his contribution stand upon its own merits, in which he has every confidence, but, should a mistaken doubt of them arise, he thinks the claims of friendship should be considered. To temporise with one of this class—to show the least sign of wobbling—is to be lost.

This is the mistake Mr. Cable, the American author, seems to have committed in his editorial behaviour to a lady contributor who appeals to high heaven and the New Orleans papers against him. The case is a typical one, and to editors and contributors, at least, will be interesting. Mr. Cable, unhappily, knew the lady, and, as a piece of personal advice, recommended her to confine herself to writing some recital of "a personal experience that might be interesting enough for publication." It seemed to him, though he may be reasonably excused for not telling her so, that it was "her one chance of disposing of any writing of hers as literature." Upon this she sends him a reminiscence of a slave insurrection in the West Indies. It was not good, but the unhappy man felt that he had in a manner bespoken it, or, at all events, that that would be her view. He offered her a price for it, on condition that she should make certain alterations in it, and supposing she was unable to "place" it elsewhere. She *was* unable, and presently returned the manuscript exactly as it was before. In order, however, to avoid unpleasantness he paid her the money, and threw the manuscript into a drawer. Even up to this point it is clear the lady had got the better of her editor, who had exchanged his dollars for paper that was not current. But in an evil hour, instead of writing off the transaction as a bad debt, he thought something might be made of the West Indian insurrection after all. It extended to 16,000 words, and he cut it down to 8000 and published it. Then the authoress arose in her wrath and accused him of getting credit for the beautiful things she herself had written. It is in vain that Mr. Cable writes: "I do not think, from the beginning of the article to the end, I was able to produce a single paragraph, or even a single sentence of any length from the manuscript as I found it." She asserts him to be a plagiarist of the deepest dye, to which he cynically replies that this imputation will have more weight when the lady has written "four or five magazine pages exclusively with her own pen" and got them accepted anywhere! A gulf profound now yawns between these two individuals, for which one of them has to thank his own good-nature. The moral for an editor seems to be, "Cut your losses," or (which is easier still) the losses of your proprietor. To rewrite one's own manuscript is a difficult job, but to rewrite that of somebody else is a dangerous one.

In a recent copy of the *Standard* there is the following advertisement: "A Young Couple with no extravagant tastes, but who would like to live more comfortably, and be able to enjoy themselves, wish to Meet with a Lady or Gentleman who has no heir or is in doubt as to the disposal of her or his property. They feel that they could spend any money entrusted to them in a sensible way, with benefit to themselves and others around them. Reply to *Hopeful*." This modest and sensible appeal has evoked, one is sorry to see, some ridicule; the superfluity of wealth in our neighbours is always apt to produce unorthodox opinions and a querulous questioning of the ways of Providence, yet nothing can exceed the patience with which this young couple regard such inequalities of fortune. Instead of running amuck at the general injustice of things, they merely desire that their own impecunious position may be remedied, and draw the attention of those who have money to spare to a favourable opportunity of "restoring the average"—at all events, in one instance. It seems almost audacious to find fault with persons of such an obvious delicacy of mind, but their reference to an heir—which suggests the death of the testator—is injudicious. Having "met with" the lady or gentleman, and found them worthy of the name, one would think that such a pleasant young couple could procure their golden eggs without killing their goose. They have, however, my genuine sympathy, and as for the supplementary sum of which their modest wants stand in need, I most sincerely wish they may get it. When "Youth and I were housemates still," I have often been filled with the same aspiration, but never went the length of advertising it.

A story comes from the Black Sea of so "steep" a character that one might almost call it precipitous, but

that its truth is vouched for by the respectable journal in which it appears. Two duck-hunters got upon an ice-floe, which unfortunately broke loose and carried them out to sea. After tossing about for days they expired of cold, while a faithful dog who accompanied them declined to quit their inanimate bodies and swim to shore, but was found still crouching by their side. The question how it was thus supported without food is a delicate one. The dog on Helvellyn, immortalised by Scott and Wordsworth, is stated by folks better acquainted with the canine race than I am to have followed the example of persons in extreme cases of shipwreck, and dined off "the Pilgrim of Nature" himself. No one could wish to have such an explanation of the present story, but, while carefully tending the remains of his master, I do think this Black Sea dog might have been permitted by the journalist, under the circumstances, to utilise the other man.

Writing and talking about Ireland have become so monopolising and incessant with us that one would hardly be surprised to find bulls in our newspapers and the brogue in our speech. It is quite impossible to say anything new on the subject, but there are some unconsidered trifles to be picked up in old records which are not without a present interest. It is generally supposed that the Celtic race are lacking in perseverance, but this is certainly not the case in their political demands. So keen an observer as Strafford writes: "The Irish are the people of all others lothest to be denied anything they desire, be it with or against reason." The same statesman denounces a Lord Clanricard (*sic*) (1634) for making things difficult, and especially for "engrossing as many parsonages and vicarages as he hath mortgaged for £4000 and £80 rent."

There are many frank things now said in Parliament in connection with Irish affairs, but our candour is not to be compared with that of our ancestors upon the subject. In the first division upon the Act of Union in the Irish Parliament, the proposition was carried by only one vote, and next evening, on the report of the Address, it was negatived by 106 to 100, whereupon a member of the House got up in his place and said that it was no wonder a Government failed that neglected to employ "the usual means of persuasion," a hint which, in spite of its breadth, seems to have excited little comment, and was promptly taken by the Minister to whom it was addressed.

Among other "persuasives" there was a large bestowal of titles. Harwood, the Irish counsellor, passing through Drogheda, called upon his old friend the Mayor, who was a grocer. "Well, how are you?" he inquired. "Never worse," was the reply: "how shall I ever sell my cheese and butter now they have made me a knight?" "Pooh, pooh! hold your tongue, you old fool! Think yourself deuced lucky they didn't make you a peer."

Emigration was not understood in those times so well as in these. "A negro from Mariegalante, where the Hiberno-Celtic language [so states the record] is spoken by all classes," tendered his services in that dialect to an Irish emigrant and his family on the wharf at Philadelphia. "If I may be so bold," inquired the new arrival, "may I ask how long you have been in this country?" The negro, who had only come thither on a voyage, replied "Four months." Poor Pat looked round on his wife and children, as if seeing for the last time their rosy cheeks. "Merciful powers! Biddy, did you hear that? He has been only four months in this country and is already as black as jet!"

The unfairness practised in old times by both sides, whether in the administration of justice or its evasion, in the "distressful country" was amazing. In a criminal trial before Justice Keating that dignitary thus addressed the witnesses for the prosecution: "I charge you, as you will answer for it before God, that you neither for favour nor affection be inclined to spare any of these villains." "When we seized the prisoner," says one witness, "we took away a skean from him." "Sir," said the judge, "how dare you carry such an unlawful weapon?" "My Lord, it was a butcher's knife; I am a butcher." "Ay," said his Lordship, "I do not question but that thou canst butcher on occasion." "I was ordered to have a skean," my Lord. "Pray, Sir, who ordered you?" "The priest of the parish." "A priest—do you hear that, brother? [to the other judge on the bench.] Well, we will not ask the priest's name. I believe you will have occasion to see your priest soon to do you a better office than to advise you to carry skeans."

The question of Mary Queen of Scots, as regards her virtues and her vices, has been of late revived with quite the old enthusiasm. Some think very ill of her and say so, while others are Mariolaters. For my part, I can no more get excited about the matter either way than about who was the author of the letters of "Junius," which still disturbs some noble minds. It is doubtful whether during her lifetime Romance made Queen Mary its own so completely as happened afterwards, when age began to mellow her memory. She had a habit, Strype tells us, of bathing in wine, which sounds unpleasant, because there is no record of what became of it afterwards. The Earl of Shrewsbury, who had the custody of her sacred person, used to complain of this,

like the Scotch gentleman describing the loss of his wife, as not only "very trying, but a matter of very considerable expense," and demanded, and received, an extra allowance on account of this costly custom of hers. One wonders what wine it was, and whether, when she was in Scotland, it was the wine of the country!

Of the merits of the dramatic version of Lefanu's "Uncle Silas" I know nothing, but the critical observations that have been made in connection with it upon the novel itself are quite astounding. They go far to convince one that the recent denunciations of our "indolent reviewers" as regards ignorance of their business must really have some foundation in fact. These gentlemen, with a strange forgetfulness of dates, describe Lefanu as "an imitator of Wilkie Collins," and write of "Uncle Silas" as though it were a second-rate sensation novel. For my part, I have always contended for the right of free opinion in literature, but though we may be justified in holding to our own views as to the merits of a book in the teeth of recognised authority, we are scarcely at liberty to set ourselves up as authorities to the contrary. It should be a great comfort to the budding author upon whom these scribes have cast a blight in the shape of an unfavourable review that they have not hesitated to pass the same verdict upon one of the most striking and original fictions that have been produced in the last half-century. They would be quite capable, with a certain critic of a quarter of a century ago, of describing the same author's "In a Glass Darkly" as "a pleasing collection of short stories."

A new poet with the very appropriate name of Gale has been writing a eulogium on the "North Wind at Night." One can certainly better afford to praise it at night, when we are snug in bed and only other people are out in it; but, even so, it seems a morbid affection. We were formerly asked to praise the east wind because another poet, Charles Kingsley, said it did him good. Eventually it killed him, which was only what might have been expected of it. Shakspeare tells us that the ingratitude of the winter wind is not so cruel as that of mankind; but the statement lacks corroboration. A still higher authority speaks of the "Prince of the Powers of the Air" as Satan himself. The poet who praises a north-easter does it, I fancy, for the same reason that savages eulogise their idols—for the purpose of conciliation, and especially to avert its fury from himself. In his selfish egotism he doesn't care twopenno how it affects other people—

Northland god, your tears of fury  
Drive upon my fresher'd cheek,  
While the roadside branches o'er me  
Writhe in agony and creak.

This is just like his "cheek," as if only the roadside branches writhe in agony! Did he never hear, one wonders, of bronchitis or of rheumatism?

Good it is in shifting dusks  
To feel the Polar thunder-flail  
Lashing at the weary forehead  
With its knots of biting hail.

Good for whom, one would like to know, except for the medical fraternity or the plumbers and glaziers? This kind of writing is, doubtless, genius so far as it is allied to madness; but it is of a kind much more offensive to persons of delicate constitutions than mere midsummer madness.

There is a controversy going on in the newspapers upon the question, "Are women cruel?" For my part, I hope I am gallant enough to believe that they are "only cruel to be kind," or for some other excellent reason. But there are stories told by those who take this view of the matter, that seem even to a devotee of the sex a little too enthusiastic. "One rainy evening last week a lady got into a 'bus in Cheapside. Two gentlemen rose to give her their seat." Even this is unusual. If one had risen, one feels sure that the other would not have deprived him of the opportunity of performing so creditable an action. But the conclusion of the narrative is still more extraordinary. "Oh, no," she said, "I wouldn't deprive a gentleman of his seat on any account. I think gentlemen must be so tired when they have worked all day in the City." This is labelled "A true tale of woman's kindness." Still, I should like to know the date of the incident and the number of the 'bus and the address—not of the lady, because that desire, though perfectly natural and praiseworthy, might be misunderstood—but of both those gentlemen, for the purpose of procuring their affidavits.

In connection with the incident of a cat saving the lives of a household from fire, mentioned in the "Notes" last week, a justice of the peace writes to say that a similar example of feline intelligence has come within his own experience in Birmingham. In the police-court of that city a man was charged with burglary, and the prosecutor deposed that he was awakened by his favourite cat stroking his eyelids with her forepaws. He looked up, and seeing the prisoner in his room, jumped out of bed and seized him. The cat, he said, had never so caressed him before. I have never had a cat stroke my eyelids; but my dear Tootentoons (long deceased, alas!) used often to kiss my chin and bite it, like the parrot in "The Princess," "for true heart and not for harm"; and no doubt he would have done it with peculiar emphasis had there been burglars about.



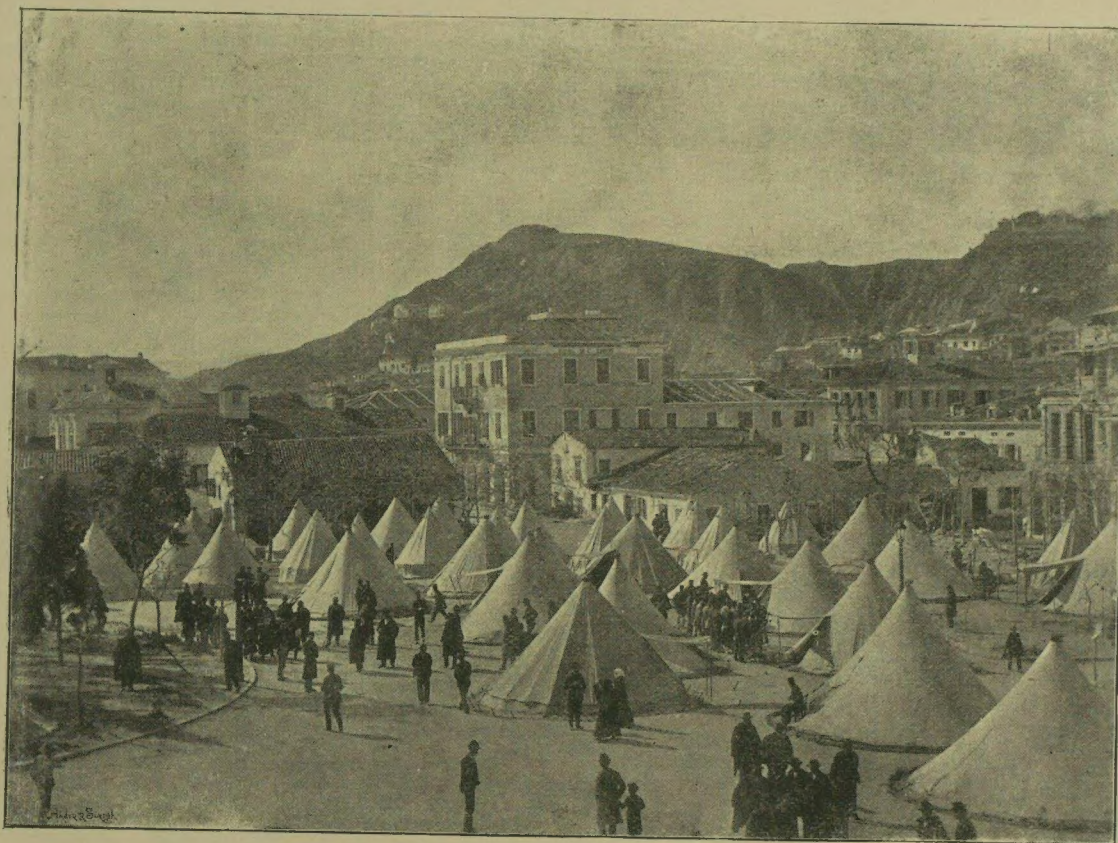
## IBSEN'S "MASTER BUILDER."

BY WILLIAM ARCHER.

There can be no doubt that we have made an extraordinary advance of late years in what may, perhaps, be called artistic openmindedness. Who could have foreseen, five, three, even two years ago that a play so fantastic in its atmosphere, so recondite in its symbolism, so daring in its technique, as "The Master Builder" would hold an English audience spellbound and would be received by the Press, not, certainly, with enthusiasm, but with decent courtesy and no more than reasonable indignation? I, for one, was far from foreseeing this result so lately as two months ago, when the completed play was in my hands. It had reached me, and I had read it, in driblets; and even under these unfavourable conditions I thought it one of the most fascinating things Ibsen had ever done. But as sheet after sheet arrived, and on glancing down the pages I saw nothing but "SOLNESS — HILDA — SOLNESS — HILDA" repeated to infinity—when I came to such lines as "What's all this nonsense you're talking about the crack in the chimney?" and Mrs. Solness's threnody over her "nine lovely dolls" (the most beautiful touch in the whole poem, by-the-way)—my imagination shrank from picturing the reception of such a play in an English theatre. When I learned that Miss Elizabeth Robins intended to produce it, I almost besought her to hold her hand. I told her that she was courting certain disaster, and a disaster which would affect not only her own fortunes, but those of the whole progressive movement. It would "throw things back," I urged, by several years, and undo much of what she herself and other artists had done for the emancipation of the stage. It seemed to me that this was a play of which the critics could sincerely allege what they had deceived themselves into asserting of "A Doll's House" and "Hedda Gabler"—to wit, that it bored them. Nora and Hedda, I am convinced, do not really bore anyone of average intelligence. They affect many people more or less unpleasantly, and this unpleasant sensation they describe, in a rough-and-ready fashion, as boredom, whereas in reality it is something entirely different. But "The Master Builder," I feared, would really and seriously bore as well as bewilder the average audience; and as the progressive movement is, in my conception, nothing but a campaign against boredom in the theatre, I would fain, had it been in my power, have kept the play off the stage altogether. The event of this week has proved that Miss Robins was right and I wrong. I did not foresee the intense vitality of her Hilda, which enchained every eye and every mind throughout the longest scenes; I did not foresee the mingled power and discretion of Mr. Herbert Waring, who attacked the most dangerous passages with unflinching firmness of grip; and least of all did I foresee the aforesaid openmindedness on the part of the audience, the evident sincerity of their desire to place themselves at the right point of view. What one chiefly felt, oddly enough, was, not that they laughed in the wrong places, but that they sometimes did not laugh, or laughed in a wrong spirit, in the right places. The doll speech was the one point where laughter was very distinctly out of place, and there it was quite inevitable, and by no means so hostile in tone as one had anticipated. When the play was produced in Berlin, this passage (which contains the whole key to Mrs. Solness's character, and initiates a totally new phase of feeling in Hilda) was carefully excised! None the less—or all the more—the production failed. In London, not a single word was "cut" that had any special value or intention in it; and anti-Ibsenites joined with Ibsenites in applauding, if not the play, at least the artistic courage and skill of its interpreters. Moral: In dealing with Ibsen, the path of daring is the path of safety.

One critic—certainly not the least able of those who have dealt with the production—alleges as a defect in the play that "the most practised playgoer would fail to make a correct forecast from scene to scene of the workings of its cloudy and word-laden plot." This hasty postulate that the dramatist's invention ought never to outrun that of the "practised playgoer," forecasting on the spur of the moment, is surely not one that the critic would stand to at his leisure. And, apparently because the thoughts and actions of the characters baffle his previsions, this writer joins in the general cry of "Mad, mad, mad!" But are Solness, Mrs. Solness, and Hilda so very mad as all that? The poet obviously does not present Solness and his wife as persons of perfectly normal mind; and, unless he alone is to be denied a right which all other dramatists have exercised from time

immemorial, we cannot complain of his choosing subjects from the sphere of mental pathology. But if they are madder than he intends—if he has failed to realise how far their thoughts and actions depart from the normal standard—then he has clearly committed an artistic error, and the excuse of "symbolism" will avail him nothing. But, again I ask, are they so very mad? Need we go so far as Norway to find men who feel themselves goaded as though by a demon—or, in Ibsen's phrase, a troll—to pursue success at any price, to the destruction of their competitors, to the ruin of their own domestic happiness? And is it so inconceivable, is it so insane, that such men should bitterly resent the action of the very forces which they are powerless to resist, and to which they owe their outward "happiness"? Again, are there no women abroad in our everyday world who suffer from the warping, the stunting of their most potent instincts? Are there no women who feel the small sorrows of life even more than the great, and mourn less for a child whom they believe to be in Heaven than for some dumb pet or inanimate plaything, the loss of which they cannot openly bewail for fear of unsympathetic ridicule? Solness's conscience, Mrs. Solness's heart, are both of them "sickly"; but I fail to see that their sickness is either acute enough or uncommon enough to rank as insanity. As for Hilda, the trouble with her is surely that she is so radiantly, unscrupulously, immorally sane. Her relation to Solness rests, no doubt, upon an occult basis; but hypnotic influence is a postulate to which no one can well deny imaginative, if not absolute, assent; and there is not the least reason for considering hypnotic sensibility a symptom of madness. Her descent upon Solness is not



THE EARTHQUAKE IN ZANTE: ENCAMPMENT OF SUFFERERS.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY C. W. SCHAEFER.

the action of an ordinary everyday young lady; but, even disregarding the element of hypnotism, is there anything inconceivable, anything insane in it? The whole conception of the character is poetical—granted; but to what a pass has criticism come if all that transcends the most ordinary everyday probability is to be denounced as insane! I shall be told, no doubt, that there is no more magic virtue in the word "poetic" than in the words "symbolic" or "allegoric," and that a dramatist cannot escape from the laws of his craft by calling his extravagances "poetic." But that is precisely where I venture to join issue with the great body of the critics. I say that a dramatist has a perfect right to produce a great poem even under the guise of a prose play. It is obvious that he thereby exposes himself to misunderstanding; and I don't say that he has any great right to complain if his critics fail, at first glance, to find the right point of view. But if "The Master Builder" has anything like the vitality it seems to me to possess, the time will come when many who can now see nothing but madness in it will readjust their mental attitude and find in it, not certainly a realistic play, but a noble and intensely dramatic poem.

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## \* THE \* SKETCH \*

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## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## H.M.S. HOWE AT FERROL.

The disappointing failures, so far, of all the attempts to release the Howe, one of our first-class battle-ships, from her perilous situation fast on the rocks at the entrance to the Spanish harbour of Ferrol, have begun to excite some anxiety lest it should prove an impossible task to get her afloat, in which case the loss to the nation would scarcely be less than half a million sterling. Every opportunity has been taken, during the late spring tides, after patching the holes already found in her bottom and pumping out the water, for endeavours to tow her off, but without effect; and it is now believed that other holes, probably still larger, exist on the starboard side of the ship, to which she shifted a few hours after first running aground upon the shoal. It is proposed to dig beneath the ship on that side. Her position on Feb. 5 is shown in our Illustration, from a sketch by a correspondent on board H.M.S. Anson, in the Channel Squadron.

## THE EARTHQUAKE IN ZANTE.

The island of Zante, the ancient Greek Zacynthus, the most southerly of the Ionian Islands, off the western coast of Greece, is the most fertile and beautiful. Its population and social condition are the most strongly impressed with the influences derived from the long Venetian rule, and it has enjoyed a considerable amount of trade. A fortress built by the Venetians commands the town and harbour, of which we present a view, drawn before the recent disastrous earthquake, besides those supplied by photographs and sketches of the ruins of the town and of the neighbouring villages and farmhouses. The destruction of property is estimated at the value of more than £600,000. Several thousand people are left homeless; and their distress is most severe in the rural villages, Macherato and Buyato, San Dimitri and Skulikato. The first shock of earthquake happened at six o'clock in the morning, when most of the people were astir and ready to escape; had it been in the night, the loss of life would have been much greater. Continued storms of rain and hail, with a bitter wintry wind, during several days and nights, increased the sufferings of the shelterless families, who were also in want of food. The timely arrival of H.M.S. Camperdown, sent from Malta with a large number of tents, materials for building huts, blankets, and stores of biscuit, flour, rice, and other provisions, brought welcome relief. Much praise is due to the commander, officers, seamen, and Royal Marines of the British war-ship for their willing labours and kindly treatment of the sufferers. Mr. Alfred Crowe, the British Vice-Consul in Zante, and Mr. Forster, of the Eastern Telegraph Company, also rendered the utmost assistance in their power. The King and Queen of Greece, with their two sons, visited all the afflicted districts of the island.

## THE SHIRE HORSE SHOW.

The annual show of the Shire Horse Society, at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, was visited on Tuesday, Feb. 21, by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. It was fairly representative of the classes of those useful animals and of the breeds most esteemed in the English "shires." The champion four-year-old stallion, Bury Victor Chief, again won the first prize. Our Artist's sketches illustrate some good specimens and incidents of this exhibition.

## THE PROPOSED GALLERY OF BRITISH ART.

Our Illustration shows the architectural design of the New Gallery of British Art to be erected at Millbank, a building which is to be presented to the nation by the munificence of Mr. Henry Tate, with the very valuable collection of modern paintings given by that gentleman. The style of the building is one eminently suited to a picture gallery, and every effort has been made to treat it in a dignified way. The façade is to be in Portland stone, and will show up well from the river. The interior plan may shortly be described. From the entrance, a large and well-proportioned vestibule, with circular stairs on either side and groined ceiling, leads direct, by three doors, to the central sculpture hall, which has a domed ceiling. Under the large gallery which runs around this hall the ceilings are vaulted. To the right and left (on central axes) from this hall are two picture galleries, 61 ft. by 33 ft., with pavilions at each end, which also have domes, and are treated internally as octagons. At the back are four other picture galleries, and a saloon for etchings, engravings, and miniatures. The lineal wall-measurement is about 1600 ft., nearly the same as that of the picture galleries at the Royal Academy. The future extension has been carefully considered, and the site being a large one, the gallery can be amply increased. There is a large and well-proportioned council chamber, and other offices are provided. In the basement are rooms for students and offices for the attendants, with the boiler-room and other apartments. All the galleries are top-lighted. The architect is Mr. Sidney R. J. Smith, F.R.I.B.A., of 14, York Buildings, Adelphi.

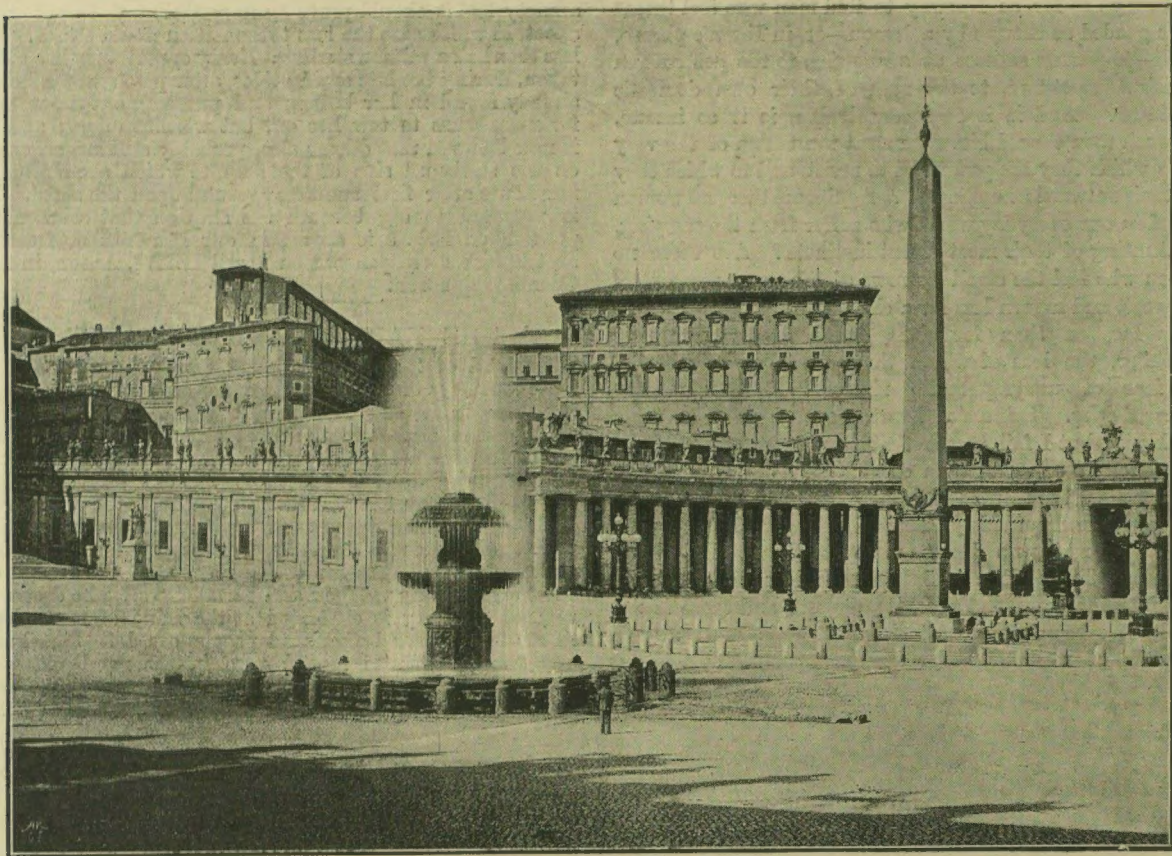


## THE VATICAN, ROME.

The famous Palace of the Popes on the Vatican Hill, adjacent to the Basilica, or Cathedral Church of St. Peter, is the largest group of buildings occupied as a stately residence that exists in a habitable condition in any country

## THE JUBILEE OF POPE LEO XIII.

His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., Vincenzo Gioacchino Pecci, became "Archbishop of Damietta" in January 1843, when he was appointed Papal Nuncio at Brussels by Pope Gregory



THE VATICAN PALACE, ROME.

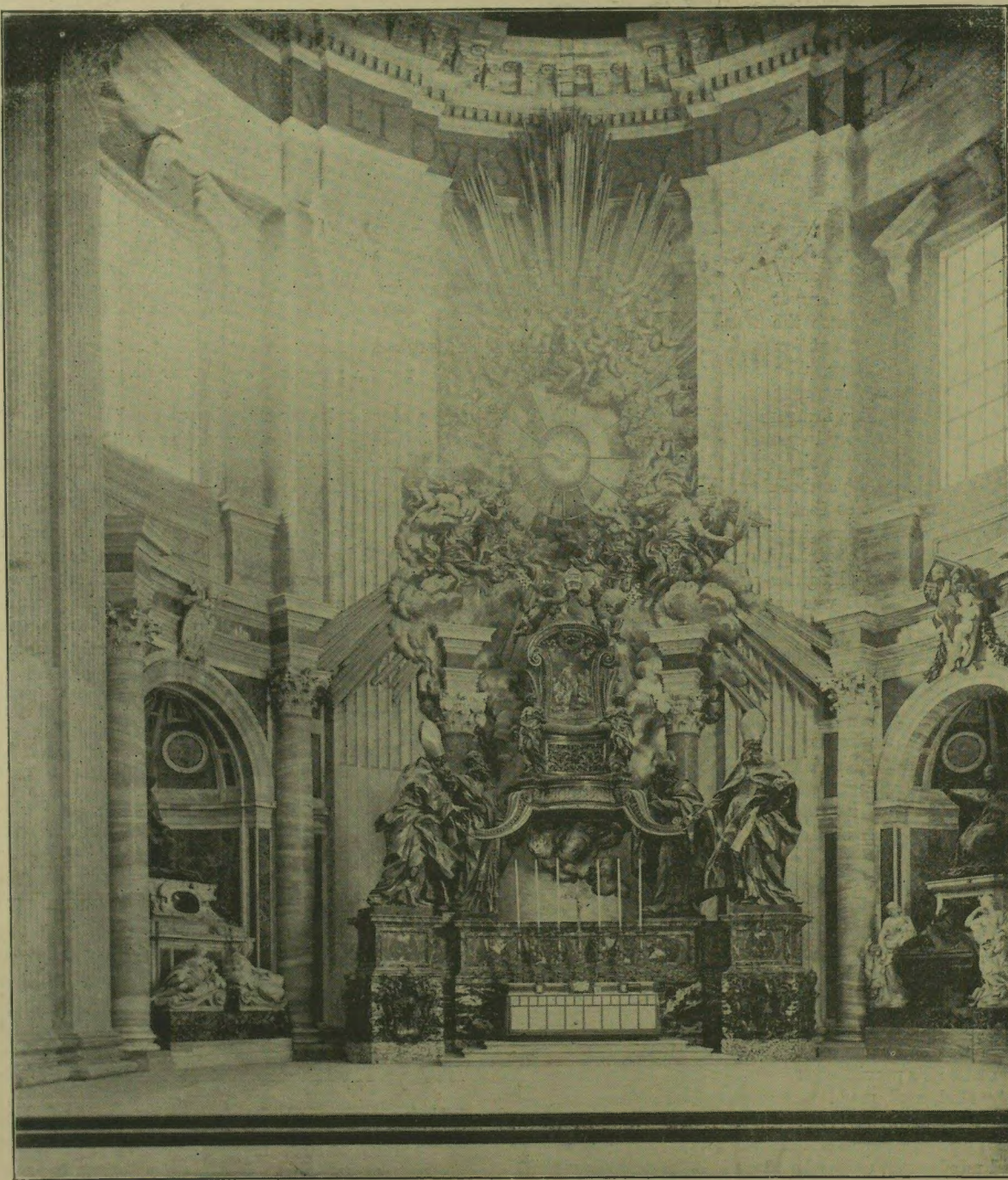
of Europe. It comprises twenty-two courtyards and eleven thousand rooms, large and small—including the Sistine and Pauline Chapels, the Loggie and Stanze, decorated, respectively, with the frescoes of Michel Angelo and of Raphael, the chapel of Nicholas V., with Fra Angelico's paintings, the four rooms of the Picture Gallery, the Museum of Antiquities, divided into seven different galleries, the Library, consisting of five great halls, filled with 50,000 to 100,000 books, besides many other rooms for archives and other manuscripts, the Armoury, the Etruscan Museum, the Egyptian, the Museum of the Catacombs, the manufactory of mosaic, the Mint, and other departments. The treasures of art, literature, and antiquity contained in this palace are far beyond estimation. The apartments in which the Pope himself lives are very simple. The Vatican is rather a cluster of connected houses, forming a small, closely built town, than a single edifice. It was built at different periods, from the time of Gregory XI., who chose it in preference to the Lateran, when the Popes returned from Avignon in 1377, down to the eighteenth century: the architects Bramante, Sangallo, Bernini, and others in the sixteenth century were its chief constructors. Popes Nicholas V., Sixtus IV., Alexander VI., Julius II., and Paul III., between 1447 and 1534, contributed greatly to its magnificence. By an Act of the Italian Legislature in 1871, the Vatican and Lateran palaces, and the villa of Castel Gandolfo, on the Alban hills, are left for ever in the undisputed possession of the Popes.

## THE PONTIFICAL THRONE, ST. PETER'S.

The Basilica, or Cathedral Church of "San Pietro in Vaticano," the largest, the most costly, the most superb, of all edifices for Christian worship, is universally admired for its architectural beauty. To the eye and mind of a visitor from Northern or Western Europe, who has been wont to cherish a veneration for the sublime monuments of religious antiquity in our own old abbey churches and cathedrals, St. Peter's offers not the slightest indication of that peculiar sentiment. It is an Italian building of the sixteenth century, erected from 1506 to 1526, at an expense of £10,000,000 sterling, by order of Popes Julius II. and Leo X., ecclesiastical princes whose taste for the fine arts was allied more with temporal magnificence and schemes of worldly ambition than with the spiritual motives of the mediæval Church. St. Peter's has therefore more of a palatial than a purely religious aspect. Its successive architects and adorners, Bramante, Sangallo, Peruzzi, Raphael, Michel Angelo, and others, were consummate artists of the Italian Renaissance, with ideas utterly opposed to those of the so-called "ages of faith." Their work, distinguished from later additions, such as the front portico, constructed by Maderna in 1612, is excellent beyond modern criticism; the dome is unequalled in majesty; the interior is perfectly harmonious in the proportions and arrangement of its parts. A sense of vast temporal dignity, splendour, and wealth, of supreme prodigality guided by consummate elegance, pervades the whole design and the details of decoration. The stupendous dimensions of this building are scarcely realised at first sight. A length of 200 yards, a breadth over 100 yards, a height of nearly 150 yards to the cupola, which has an inside width of 44 yards, are not reckoned by the eye where all is so great. Riches are more apparent in the costly array of more than seven hundred marble and travertine pillars, of mosaics, fresco paintings, sculptured medallions and statuary, bronzes, and gilding. The pontifical throne, shown in our Illustration, is a bronze chair supported by four statues, those of Saints Ambrose, Athanasius, Augustine, and Chrysostom, in the elevated tribune. Here Pope Leo XIII. a few days ago received thousands of Catholics who thronged to offer him congratulations at the Jubilee of his episcopate: he has been Pope nearly fifteen years.

The recent accession of an English and an Irish prelate—namely, the Most Rev. Dr. Herbert Vaughan, Archbishop of Westminster, and Archbishop Logue—to the College of Cardinals requiring the formal induction of each of those two new Cardinals to the particular parish church in Rome, nominally assigned to his title as pastor, this act was appointed for days in the Pope's Jubilee week. On Thursday, Feb. 16, Cardinal Logue was inducted by the Apostolic Protonotary, on behalf of the Pope, into his titular church of Santa Maria della Pace; and on Tuesday, Feb. 21, Cardinal Vaughan was inducted into the venerable ancient church of San Gregorio. Many hundreds of Irish, English, and American visitors to Rome upon this occasion assembled on the Sunday to attend the grand High Mass at St. Peter's, and also Low Mass in the Church of Santa Maria Maggiore; a similar service was held next day at the Lateran Church. More than six thousand pilgrims during five hours, at St. Peter's, on Feb. 16, passed in procession before the Pope seated on the pontifical throne, with four Cardinals and some forty bishops around him, while many of them kissed his hand or his foot.

The most imposing spectacle was that of Sunday at St. Peter's; the magnificent church was entirely filled with a congregation of nearly fifty thousand people. There was a grand show of the banners of different nationalities. Tribunes had been erected in the nave for the Diplomatic Corps accredited to the Vatican, who were present in full uniform. Other tribunes were reserved for the holders of special tickets. The Piazza di San Pietro in front of the church was kept free by a body of Italian troops. At a quarter to ten the Pope entered the Sistine Chapel through the door that communicates with his apartments in the Vatican. The massive cross borne aloft headed the procession, and following it were all the Cardinals in their scarlet robes, the Noble Guard in brilliant red uniforms and shining helmets, and the Swiss halberdiers in their ancient costume. Then came the Pope borne on men's shoulders in the "sedia gestatoria," on each side of which waved the great ostrich-feather fans. As the white-clad figure of his Holiness appeared in full pontifical robes thunders of applause echoed through the church and handkerchiefs and flags were waved. He raised his hand to bless the people as the procession passed. The great dome resounded with shouts of "Evviva il Papa-Re!" "Evviva Leone Tredici!" while from the galleries above came a burst of music from the silver trumpets. The Pope celebrated Mass at the high altar, accompanied by the choir of the Sistine Chapel. A Thanksgiving Mass



THE PONTIFICAL THRONE IN ST. PETER'S, ROME.





HIS HOLINESS POPE LEO XIII.

followed, at which the private chaplain of his Holiness officiated. After this the "Te Deum" was chanted, and then the Pope, from a high stand, blessed the people. When the Pope left the church the procession formed in the same manner as before, and again the great basilica resounded with cheers. His Holiness appeared to be in excellent health. This impression was confirmed as the service proceeded, for he officiated at the Jubilee Mass, and, besides intoning the opening words of the "Te Deum," gave the Benediction in a strong clear voice. The Mass terminated at a quarter to eleven. Three-quarters of an hour later the Pope returned to his apartments, and the worshippers slowly dispersed. There was no disturbance of any kind, and the Italian troops, who were in full uniform, left the Piazza at a quarter past twelve.

Cardinal Vaughan in the afternoon visited the small church of St. George and All English Saints, situated at the foot of the Pincio, and gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, many English pilgrims being among the congregation. In the evening St. Peter's, the other churches of the city, the convents and other Roman Catholic institutions, and a great number of private houses were illuminated. The streets were thronged, and the scene on the great square in front of St. Peter's was especially animated. King Humbert and Queen Margherita took their usual drive through the city, and were everywhere respectfully saluted.

The English pilgrims on Saturday, Feb. 18, assembled at Santa Maria Maggiore, where Mgr. Clifford, Bishop of Clifton, celebrated Low Mass, the congregation chanting

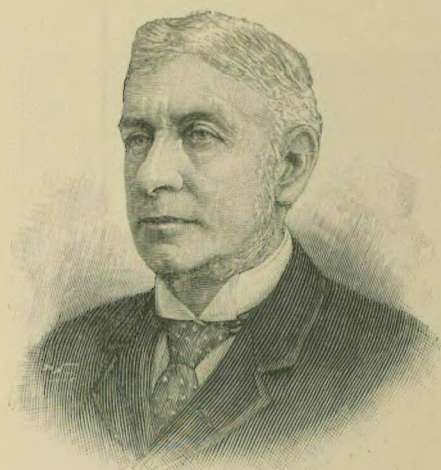
a Litany. Cardinal Vaughan delivered an address, in the course of which he gave an account of the origin of the basilica. The Duke of Norfolk was present. The pilgrims afterwards descended to the crypt. They went to visit the Forum, the Colosseum, and the Palatine Hill.

The Italian pilgrims have given the Pope altogether 1,600,000 lire as Peter's pence. The Emperor of Austria has sent as a present a splendid casket filled with ancient gold coins and medals, supposed to be worth £4000, to which the Empress Elizabeth has added a beautiful cross set with diamonds. The Austrian nobles have sent £20,000 as a Jubilee offering. Pope Leo XIII. was born on March 2, 1810, at Carpineto, near Anagni, in the Romagna.



## PERSONAL.

Mr. J. W. Mellor, Q.C., has now succeeded Mr. Leonard Courtney as Chairman of Ways and Means in the House of Commons.



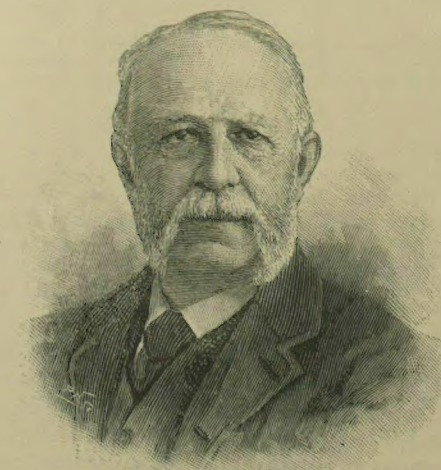
MR. J. W. MELLOR, Q.C., M.P.,  
The New Chairman of Ways and Means.

Mr. Mellor is the son of the famous judge Sir John Mellor, and has for some years been a respectable figure in Parliament as a Liberal, and, later on, a Home Ruler. He has been a leader of the Midland Circuit, and was made a Q.C. in 1875. His first seat was for Grantham, but he now sits for a Yorkshire division. He is a quiet man of good presence, who may be expected to make a dignified Chairman of Committees, though he hardly suggests Mr. Courtney's intellectual distinction. His real work will begin after Easter, when the Home Rule Bill gets into Committee.

Mr. Blake has received much praise, both written and spoken, for his maiden speech in the House of Commons, and flattering things have been said of the future before this statesmanlike son of our Canadian colony. One thing that has been said is, however, apt to give a wrong impression. Mr. Blake never has been Premier of the Dominion. He held for a few months, twenty years ago, the Premiership of the Canadian province of Ontario, after he had succeeded in overthrowing the Ministry to which he was opposed, and a few years later he held for comparatively brief periods the portfolio of Minister of Justice in the Dominion Cabinet of the only Liberal Premier that Canada has had since Confederation, the late Hon. Alexander Mackenzie. When Mr. Mackenzie stepped down from the leadership of his party, then in opposition, Mr. Blake took his place; but, despite his forensic abilities and high character, he was no match for the wily and magnetic Sir John Macdonald, and, after six years' experience, gladly gave up the task to his polished and eloquent French Canadian colleague, Mr. Laurier. As to the talk of Mr. Blake now assuming the Irish leadership, his own words on the point may be recalled. Speaking at Toronto last September, he said: "The idea of my stepping into the Irish lead over the heads of able and devoted men familiar with the ground, who have fought the battles and suffered the loss and all but won the victory, is too preposterous for serious discussion."

Home Rule is not supreme in ecclesiastical affairs within the diocese of British Guiana. In Australia there is a decided inclination towards choosing prelates by the local vote and from local men. The diocese of British Guiana has been content to leave the selection of a successor to Bishop Austin to a small committee, which included the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, Bishop Mitchinson (formerly of Barbados), and the Earl of Stamford. Their choice has fallen upon the Rev. W. Proctor Swaby, D.D., Vicar of St. Mark's, Millfield, Sunderland. The new bishop is a North of England man by education as well as by clerical experience. He graduated at Durham in 1871, and has since taken a doctor's degree in divinity. He obtained a living near Sunderland after a very short experience as a curate, but it was the late Bishop Lightfoot who sent him to the incumbency he now vacates. The new bishop has probably been chosen from his excellent reputation for organising power and businesslike qualities.

The Gladstonian party has won a considerable victory in the Hexham Division of Northumberland, owing largely to the vote of the miners.



MR. MILES MACINNES, M.P.

Mr. N. G. Clayton won by a majority of 82. Mr. MacInnes is a familiar figure in the House of Commons, who sat on the Railway Hours Commission, and is a director of the North British Railway. He is a quiet, elderly man, who

took little part in "the life" of the Parliament in which he sat, but voted steadily with his party.

By-the-bye (a Parliamentary correspondent writes us), it is interesting to observe the way in which men are coming forward or going backward on the Ministerial Bench. Mr. Asquith's rise is phenomenal. His excellent oration on the dynamitards, his admirable exposition of the Employers' Liability Bill, and his skill in extricating himself from difficult situations, are all making him the strongest of the young Ministers. Mr. Morley has not spoken well since the House met, and, indeed, he never shines on the green benches. Mr. Fowler is doing better in the House—for he is an excellent speaker—than in his room in the Local Government Board Office. Among the "old gang," as they are pleasantly called, the most distinct success has been Mr. Mundella, who has revived some of his earlier oratorical triumphs, and whose Bills have been very cunningly drawn. Sir Edward Grey has made one first-rate and most admirably phrased speech on Uganda, and Mr. Bryce's exposition of some disputed points in the Home Rule Bill was, with the exception of a rather unfortunate reference to Ulster, excellent.

The same correspondent continues: The little "tiff" between the Government and the Welsh members has blown over a bit, but the danger of a recurrence of rather angry feeling is not quite gone. The young lions among the Welshmen—Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. S. T. Evans, and Mr. Randell—have been very stiff in declining to be put off with a Suspensory Bill introduced late in the Session. They insist on precedence, and they have been trying hard to extract a pledge from Mr. Gladstone that the Bill shall be carried. This they have not obtained, but the Bill has been hurried forward, and for the present the young Welsh Radicals are holding their hands. They have nearly the whole party with them, though Mr. Stuart Rendel is a thick and thin Gladstonian, and one or two of the *vieille garde* among the Welshmen have stood out against the left wing. At one time there was talk of a regular secession, but this, I think, is not serious.

The successor of the late Right Rev. Dr. Charles Wordsworth in the Scottish bishopric of St. Andrews is an



THE RIGHT REV. G. H. WILKINSON, D.D.,  
The New Bishop of St. Andrews.

appointment to the see of Truro, in 1883, then succeeding the present Archbishop of Canterbury, the Right Rev. Dr. George Howard Wilkinson had made such an impression as only quiet earnestness and devotion to his sacred mission could have produced. Weak health obliged him to resign, in 1891, the laborious office of the Cornish episcopate, where frequent journeys are required; but it is hoped that at St. Andrews his strength will not be too severely taxed, and he is an acceptable addition to the clergy of his Church in Scotland.

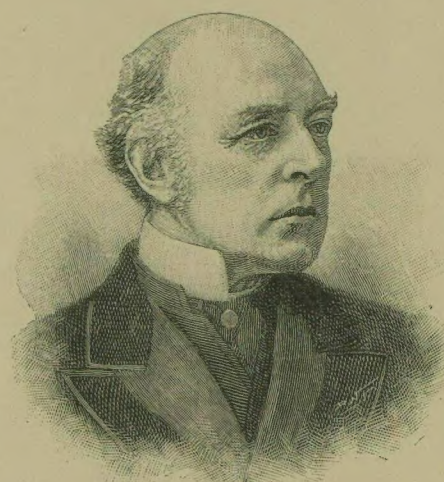
The annals of Christian philanthropy contain few names more deserving of honour than that of Mr. Edward W. Thomas, who at a ripe old age has just passed away. For more than forty years he devoted himself with a zeal worthy of emulation to the work of rescuing the "friendless and fallen" from lives of degradation and shame. He established homes in various parts of London, and superintended every detail of their arrangement himself. There were no dark corners of the Metropolis unknown to him, and wherever he felt that duty called, there he would go fearlessly and unflinchingly. His experience in the early days of his work was somewhat exciting, but in later times he met with very little opposition. He pursued his course quietly and unobtrusively, and viewed with much regret the unhealthy publicity that was given a few years since to the social question. He was thoroughly acquainted with the details of the criminal law, and his advice and help in matters of amendment both at home and in the Colonies was eagerly sought. He had a warm-hearted and sympathetic disposition, which gave him a special aptitude for dealing with the cases, difficult and trying as they often were, that came under his notice. The work was, on the whole, very successful, many thousands of young women having been restored to the path of rectitude through the agency he set on foot.

The Hon. Sir Arthur Gordon, whose life of his celebrated father, the fourth Earl of Aberdeen, has just been issued, is a remarkably handsome and distinguished-looking gentleman of seventy-three, who has had a long and useful career in the service of his country. He has acted as High Commissioner for the Western Pacific Islands, and filled the post of Governor of the Fiji Islands, of Mauritius, New Zealand, and lastly of Ceylon. Since his retirement from that office, some three years ago, Sir Arthur, who lives near Ascot, has been occupied with the preparation of the volumes which he has now given to the world.

I wonder (writes a correspondent) if it is generally known how near Lord Randolph Churchill was to obtaining the leadership of the Conservative party when he made his famous resignation *coup*. A very large number of Conservative members were in his favour. Lord

Salisbury was not strong in the affections of his followers, and Mr. Balfour had not yet "arrived." It is doubtful whether the leader of the Liberal Unionists would have offered any opposition, and for a few hours it seemed as if the ball lay absolutely at the young statesman's feet. His almost miraculous cleverness as a leader of the House, his debating powers, his insight, his *verve*, had made all men's eyes turn to him as a heaven-born leader. But at the critical moment things went wrong, and finally Mr. Goschen was induced to accept the vacant Chancellorship. From that time Lord Randolph's chance was gone, and he has never tried to recover his lost opportunity.

In Admiral Sir Arthur Cumming, K.C.B., who died last week at his London residence, in Seymour Street, the country has lost one of her naval veterans.

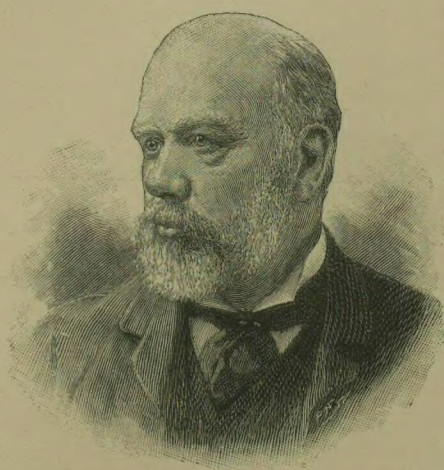


THE LATE ADMIRAL SIR ARTHUR CUMMING.

He entered the service in 1832, and was distinguished for his great personal gallantry at the storming of Sidon in the Syrian War. He commanded the Conflict in the Baltic in 1854, and the floating battery the Glatton in the Black Sea a year later, and, after fifty years of valuable service, retired in 1882. Sir Arthur's deeds of personal courage were numerous, and for one of them he received the Humane Society's medal. His father, the late Sir Henry Cumming, was a distinguished officer in the Army, and at one time commanded the 12th Lancers.

With Augustine Brohan passed away, on Feb. 16, the second member of the famous trinity of actresses of that name. Although she left the Théâtre Français exactly a quarter of a century ago (Got and Febyre are the only present associates of the Comédie Française who can remember having acted with her), Augustine Brohan remained in the Parisian world—often so fickle—as realising the best type of the French actress. The daughter of Susanne Brohan, who in her day was one of the most popular members of the Comédie, Augustine was born in the beautiful old Hôtel de Rambouillet, and at the early age of ten entered Samson's class at the Conservatoire. Two years later she was awarded the first prize for comedy. Seized with a sudden access of girlish piety, she threw up the theatre and all its pomps and retired to a convent—in fact, to the noviciate of the Sisters of Charity in the Rue du Bac; but her parents persuaded her that the theatre was her only true vocation, so she entered the Comédie Française and made her début in Molière's "Tartuffe" when fifteen years of age. For twenty-seven years she was the best feminine interpreter of Molière's rôles that was ever seen. It was said that modern authors were afraid of her, for her satirical wit was legendary. Be that as it may, although she took part in most of Émile Augier's comedies, she kept, on the whole, to the Comédie's classical répertoire, her greatest rôles being Dorine in "Tartuffe," Toinette in "Le Malade Imaginaire," and Suzanne in the "Mariage de Figaro." Parodying the motto of a famous French family, she took as her device: "Coquette ne veut, Soubrette ne daigne, Brohan suis." Augustine Brohan married, some twenty years ago, the Attaché of the Belgian Legation, Baron Edmund van Gheest, and, since her retirement from the stage, has lived a quiet existence with her family and friends.

The death of Mr. John Pettie, R.A., removes an artist of considerable renown. Mr. Pettie was a Scotchman, and



THE LATE MR. JOHN PETTIE, R.A.

was fifty-four years of age. His earlier work found a place in the Royal Scottish Academy. His London career began some thirty years ago, and five years later he was an A.R.A. In 1873 he had the supreme distinction of succeeding Landseer as R.A., and for many years his pictures, mostly historical, were prominent on the walls of Burlington House. Mr. Pettie was an expert in pictures with a story in them, and he had a special interest in seventeenth or eighteenth century scenes and costumes. His colour was, perhaps, rather hot, and his style had a certain hardness in it, but he produced a good deal of popular and interesting work.

## OUR PORTRAITS.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, for the portraits of Mr. Mellor, Chairman of Committees, and of the late Mr. John Pettie, R.A.; to Messrs. Lombardi, Pall Mall East, for that of the late Sir Arthur Cumming; to Mr. Frederick Argall for that of the new Bishop of St. Andrews; and to Mr. Laurence Wilson, of Salt Lake City, for that of Mr. MacInnes, M.P.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, on Friday, Feb. 17, arrived from Osborne House, Isle of Wight, at Windsor Castle, with Princess Beatrice. The arrangements for the Queen's journey to Italy, starting probably on March 20, and for her residence at the Villa Palmieri, Florence, have been completed. She will return by way of Venice, staying a few days in that city; possibly at the Palazzo Rezzonico, the house in which Browning died, and which his son, through Sir Henry Austen Layard, has offered for her Majesty's accommodation. The Queen comes to London on Tuesday, Feb. 28, with the Empress Frederick, and holds a Drawing Room at Buckingham Palace. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone visited the Queen at Windsor on Tuesday, Feb. 21, and stayed the night.

The first Levée of the season was held on Monday, Feb. 20, on behalf of her Majesty, by the Prince of Wales at St. James's Palace. His Royal Highness was accompanied by the Duke of York. The attendance was unusually large, the Diplomatic Corps, the services, as well as the general circle, being well represented. Among those present were M. Waddington, attending for the last time as representative of the French Republic, the Austrian, Turkish, and Spanish Ambassadors, and the American, Portuguese, Chinese, Siamese, Japanese, and Danish Ministers. The Cabinet Ministers present were Sir George Trevelyan, Lord Rosebery, Sir William Harcourt, Lord Herschell, Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, Earl Spencer, and Mr. Asquith. The late Cabinet was represented by Lord Salisbury, Sir M. Hicks-Beach, and Lord Knutsford.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Mr. Hedley, Local Government Board Inspector, on Friday, Feb. 17, visited the Lambeth Workhouse. His Royal Highness is one of the Commission to inquire into the provision for the aged poor.

The Duke of Edinburgh, on Tuesday, Feb. 21, visited Exeter, was received by the Mayor and Corporation at the Guildhall, and presented the long-service decorations to officers of the Devonshire Volunteer battalions.

Prince Henry of Battenberg has been hunting at Rugby; while out with the Atherstone pack he got a fall, and sprained his leg so severely that he will not be able to hunt again this season.

The election for the Hexham Division of Northumberland resulted on Saturday, Feb. 18, in the return of Mr. Miles MacInnes, the Gladstonian candidate, by 4804 votes against 4358 for Mr. Richard Clayton, Unionist, brother of Mr. Nathaniel Clayton, whose election had been pronounced void. The South Meath election, declared on the same day, returned Mr. Jordan, Anti-Parnellite Nationalist, by 2707 against Mr. Dalton, Parnellite, who got 2638 votes.

The Post Office Volunteer Corps (24th Middlesex), commanded by Colonel Du Plat Taylor, on Saturday, Feb. 18, at Guildhall, were favoured with the presence of the Duke and Duchess of Teck and Princess Victoria of Teck at the distribution of shooting prizes, which were graciously presented by the Duchess of Teck.

A conference of medical men and others interested in the laws of public health, convened by the British Institute of Public Health, was held at the Mansion House on Feb. 18. Resolutions were adopted in favour of the appointment of a central Board for the examination of sanitary inspectors, and the systematic training, examination, and registration of plumbers. The Lord Mayor entertained the delegates to luncheon.

A meeting also of representatives of port sanitary authorities of England and Wales took place on Feb. 17 at Guildhall, under the presidency of the Lord Mayor, to consider measures for preventing the introduction of cholera into this country. There was a large attendance. Resolutions were agreed to declaring that special precautions against cholera, as they were for the benefit of the whole country, should be carried out at the imperial expense, and also in favour of the medical inspection of vessels arriving from infected ports.

At a meeting of the Amalgamated Association of Operative Cotton Spinners, held on Feb. 18, at Manchester, it was unanimously decided to consent to resume work at a reduction of 2½ per cent. in wages, the reduction to be discontinued, or alternatively increased to 5 per cent., in three months, according to the state of trade.

The difficulty between the South Wales miners and their employers has been ended. After a conference between representatives of the two parties on Feb. 17, an agreement was signed continuing the scale of 1892 for eighteen months certain from April 1 next, and under this scale a reduction in wages will take effect from that date, depending on the prices of January and the present month.

The special express American mail service from Queens-town came into operation for the first time on Feb. 19. By the running of special trains on all occasions when the American mail steamer does not arrive in time to catch the ordinary mail train, the delivery of the American mails in London and the principal towns of Great Britain will be expedited about ten hours.

The international football match under Rugby rules between teams of Scotland and Ireland took place at Belfast on Feb. 18, and resulted in a draw, neither side being able to score. Under Association rules, the University match, Oxford v. Cambridge, took place at West Kensington, and ended in a victory for Oxford by three goals to two.

The Treasury has offered to the London County Council as much of the site of Millbank Prison as the Council will undertake to cover with artisans' dwellings, but declines to accept a condition which the Council sought to impose, that no part of the site shall be devoted to the construction of military barracks.

A return has been presented to Parliament showing that in the contested elections in Ireland at the late General Election 395,204 votes were recorded, and of these 84,919 were given as those of illiterates. These include contests in thirteen boroughs, where, out of 56,808 votes, 4322 were given as those of illiterates.

The French Ministry of M. Ribot, on Feb. 16, sustained with good success another critical debate in the Chamber of Deputies, on the merits of its consistent Republican and Liberal programme in contrast to Socialism, and obtained a vote of confidence, the minority being 86 against 315 for the Government policy. The President of the Senate, M. Le Royer, has resigned the chair on account of infirm health. No further steps have been taken in the Panama prosecutions during the last few days.

The German Imperial Government, represented by the Chancellor, Count von Caprivi, is still engaged with the opponents of its large plans before the Army Bills Committee. The Statistical Department of the Imperial Diet has drawn up a report comparing the military expenditure during the year 1879-80 with the army estimates for the financial year 1893-94, exclusive of the extra expenditure involved in the new Army Bills. The fiscal year 1879-80 has been chosen for this purpose because the increase in the peace footing of the German Army, begun in 1881, and continued in 1887 and 1890 (from 401,639 to 486,983 men), approximates very closely to the increase in the numbers of the Army (from 486,983 to 570,877 men) demanded by the Army Bills, thus making it possible to form some idea of the future financial effect of the new measures. The comparison shows that the estimated current expenditure for 1893-94, apart from the sums required by the Army Bills, amounts to 428,172,899 marks, as against 315,232,955 marks in 1879-80, thus showing within fourteen years an increase of 113,000,000 marks. As this sum represents the extra expenditure necessitated since 1880 by an increase in the peace footing of 86,000 men, being 64,000,000 marks, it is argued that the further increase of the German Army now demanded will cost much more money annually than the Imperial Government has estimated, probably not less than three millions sterling.

A meeting was held at Berlin on Feb. 18 for the establishment of a German Agrarian League, and was attended by upwards of 4000 persons. Resolutions were passed condemning recent economic legislation, demanding a return to Protection and the adoption of Bimetallism, and protesting against any further commercial treaties.

There was a debate in the Italian Chamber on the relations of Italy with the other members of the Triple Alliance. Attention was called to the demonstration in Vienna for the Pope's Jubilee, and to the utterances of Count von Caprivi before the Army Bills Committee of the German Reichstag on the political, financial, and military position of Italy. Signor Brin, the Foreign Minister, denied that there was anything in the Vienna demonstration offensive to Italian sentiment; he also contended that Count von Caprivi's official declarations did not warrant the idea that Italy was at present held in less estimation by Germany.

The Pope has received, as a Jubilee gift from Prince Luitpold, Regent of Bavaria, a model of the column of the Virgin in the Marien Platz at Munich. The model is 5 ft. in height; the statues of the Virgin and angels are in massive gold, the Virgin's crown is thickly set in diamonds; the lamps and pedestal enriched with sapphires, rubies, and emeralds. The Pope has directed that the ornament shall be placed in his ante-chamber.

The Canadian Government has ordered a strict quarantine to be imposed on all settlers' cattle entering the Dominion from the United States. The object of the measure is stated to be to satisfy the Imperial Government that every precaution is being adopted to prevent the importation of pleuro-pneumonia from the States.

There has been a renewal of the heavy rainfall and floods in Queensland, and part of Brisbane was again under water, but the flood was subsiding on Feb. 21. The Gympie, Maryborough, and Bundaberg districts, to the north, and to the west, Ipswich and Toowoomba, have suffered greatly.

The proposed annexation of the Hawaiian Islands to the United States of America is being rapidly forwarded by President Harrison's Government, with the approval of the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Senate at Washington. On Feb. 15, a Presidential Message was sent to the Senate, with the draft of a treaty which provides that, until Congress determines otherwise, the existing Government and laws of Hawaii will continue to be subject to the paramount authority of the United States. A resident Commissioner will be appointed, with power to veto any acts of the Government. Until the necessary legislation has been enacted, the existing foreign and commercial relations will be continued. The further immigration of Chinese will be prohibited, and the Chinese now in Hawaii will not be permitted to enter the United States. The United States will take over the public debt, amounting to 3,250,000 dols., and will pay an annual allowance of 20,000 dols. to Queen Liliuokalani and a lump sum of 150,000 dols. to Princess Kaiulani, niece of the Queen, who would have succeeded to the throne. The sugar producers will not take part in the bounty under the McKinley Law unless Congress so enacts. In accordance with international law, treaties between two countries expire if either contractor ceases to be an independent State. The treaties concluded by Hawaii will, therefore, terminate upon the annexation.

It is considered doubtful by American politicians whether the requisite two-thirds majority of the United States Senate will consent to ratify the above treaty of annexation, and whether the House of Representatives will vote the pensions to the Queen of Hawaii and to Princess Kaiulani, who has protested against depriving her of the succession to the throne, and intends coming to Washington to appeal to "the great American people."

Baron Hirsch's committee for facilitating the emigration of Russian Jews to the Argentine Republic have at last succeeded in choosing the first party of emigrants, who will leave Russia in the spring. The agent of Baron Hirsch has gone to Paris, meeting on the way at Kovno the delegates representing the party of emigrants, which is composed of nine groups of fifty families each, altogether 450 families. The delegates will meet Baron Hirsch in Paris in order to make final arrangements for the departure of the colony for South America in the summer. X.

## THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

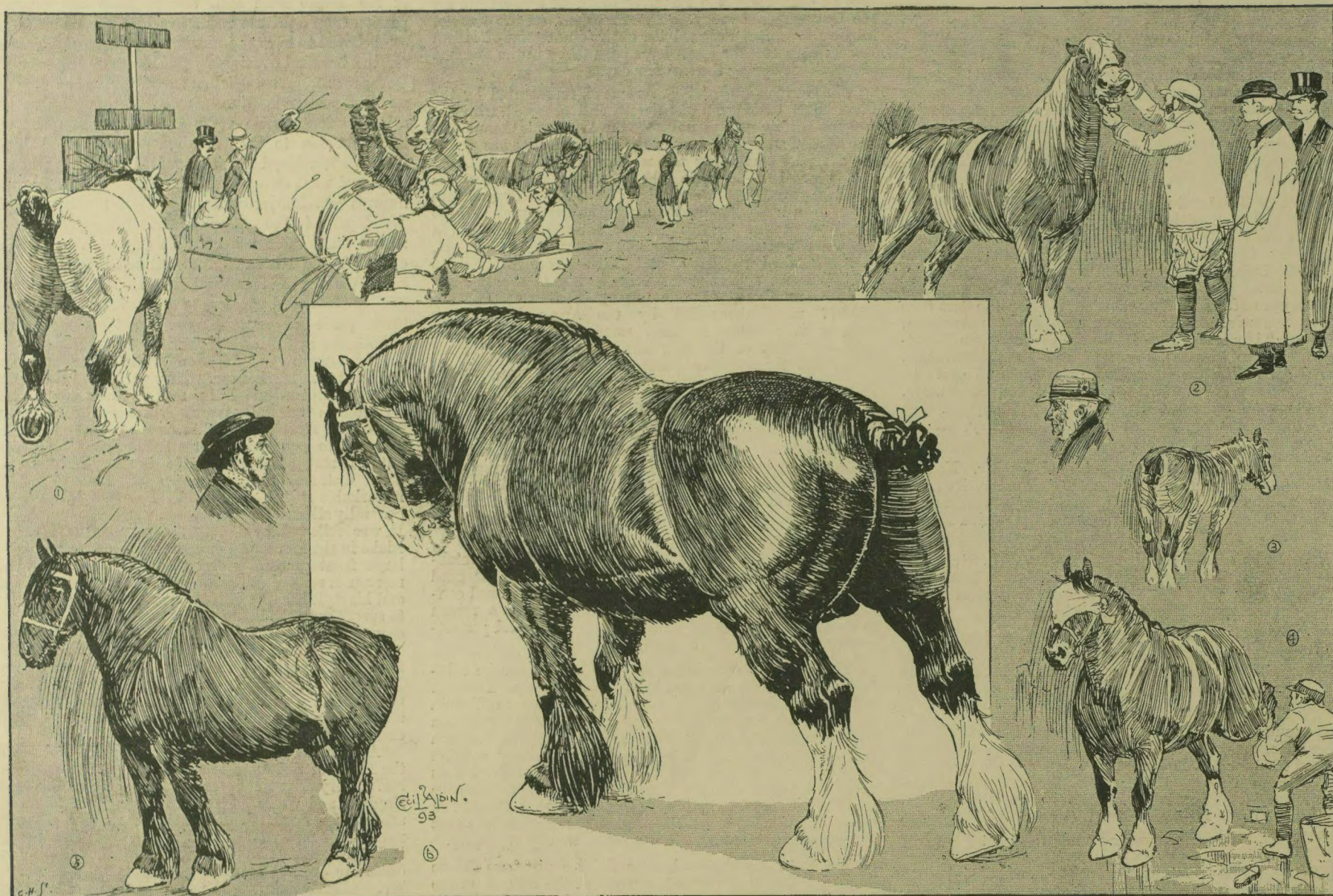
BY THE MACE.

Calm has settled upon the House since the first reading of the Home Rule Bill, though there are rumours of passion from a private room in which the Welsh members are believed to have sung ancient war songs of their country for the benefit of Mr. Marjoribanks, the emissary of the Government. There is a story that when Edward I. marched through the Principality venerable bards stood on inaccessible rocks by the wayside and cursed him and his to the twentieth generation. I have an idea that Mr. Lloyd George mounted a chair in that private room and went through this historic business in order to impress Mr. Marjoribanks with the determination of the Welsh party in the matter of Disestablishment; but in the House itself there has been no explosion since the night on which the Irish members extracted an apology from Lord Wolmer and induced the House to declare that the *Times* had been guilty of a breach of privilege. That pitch of emotion could not last, nor was it possible for enthusiastic supporters of the Prime Minister to be always jumping on their seats and waving their hats in his honour. They performed this ceremony when the Home Rule Bill passed its first reading, and Mr. Gladstone, at one in the morning, brought the Bill "from the Bar of the House and laid it on the table." Since then, I am glad to say, the Premier has been able to seek his natural rest at a reasonable hour. Whether it has been disturbed by memories of Mr. Chamberlain's remarkable speech on the Bill I do not know, but it is generally allowed that this speech was the best in the debate. It was followed by the first appearance of Mr. Edward Blake in the House of Commons—a massive figure with a large front gracefully decorated by a curl. Mr. Blake's manner is somewhat reminiscent of Nonconformist pulpits, and his style has that diffuseness which the preacher is wont to spread over the heads of his congregation like layers of oratorical jam. At first, I think the House was rather crushed, but it recovered its spirits when Mr. Blake descended from misty peaks of rhetoric, and proceeded to reply to Mr. Chamberlain with point and excellent temper. Among the boundless gifts of the Irish party, this quality of temper is rare, and Mr. Blake may be able to impart a chastening grace to Mr. Healy.

After much high argument, interspersed with tantrums, the House settled down to a spell of commonplace business. Mr. Henry Fowler introduced a Registration Bill for England and Wales. Sir George Trevelyan followed with another for Scotland. Mr. Asquith made a gallant third with his Employers' Liability Bill, and then the House had the satisfaction of witnessing the first of many duels to come between the Home Secretary and Mr. Chamberlain. The antagonism of these two striking personalities promises a good deal of spectacular interest. Both are cool, subtle, adroit, and masters of direct and incisive speech that never hesitates or boggles over a word. Both have great force of character, and both seem to know by instinct that they are pitted against each other. Mr. Asquith made the first thrust in the debate on the Address, when, in the course of his noteworthy speech about the dynamitards, he demanded, in indignant tones, why Mr. Chamberlain's threat before Parliament met to raise questions of the release of Egan and Callan had not been fulfilled on the floor of the House. Mr. Chamberlain was not present to hear this challenge, but he did not forget it. In his speech on the Home Rule Bill he twitted Mr. Asquith with certain declarations made about imperial supremacy in the free air of Opposition. The Home Secretary made the next pass by reviewing Mr. Chamberlain's former attitude towards the question of employers' liability, and Mr. Chamberlain retorted by moving an amendment to Mr. Asquith's Bill and making a very ingenious attack on that production. So far, I should say that honours were divided, and perhaps we are a good way from the time when these two gladiators will openly display the personal acrimony which rages between Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Morley, and which sometimes causes the former to charge the inoffensive title of "right honourable gentleman" with a world of scathing scorn and biting innuendo.

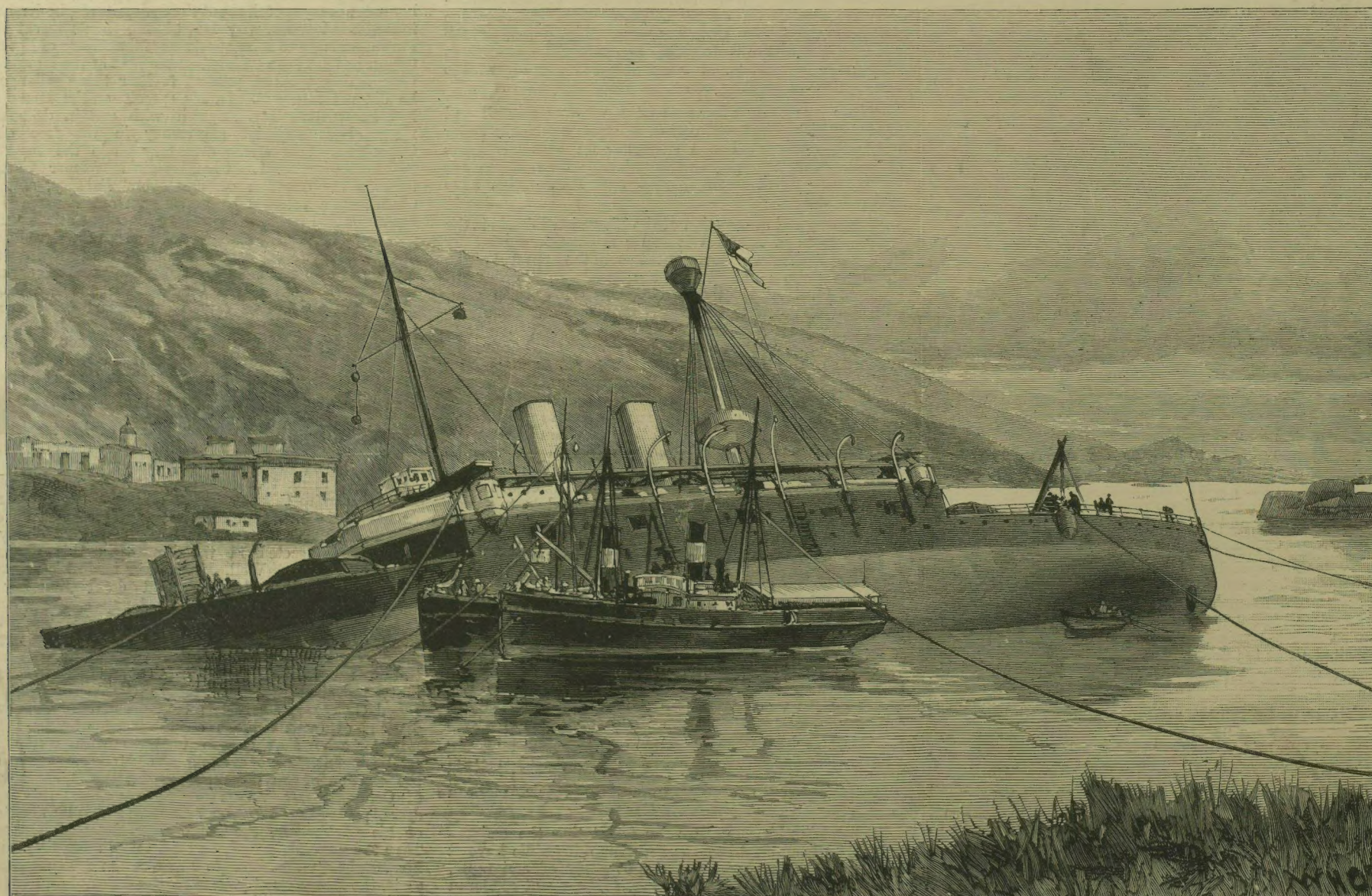
When the House devotes itself to business, it is a pathetic sight. Members sit squarely in their seats as who should say, "We have had quite enough fireworks; now let us get on with useful measures." Mr. Fowler was quite apologetic in the introduction of his Registration Bill, as if he felt that this was a subject for conversation in a friendly way and not for set speaking. He seemed to think that honourable members would do so much better to talk it over—to sit beside one another and exchange the pros and cons, varying them with an occasional anecdote or evensong. Some day we may see business transacted in the House in this pleasantly informal fashion. Well, Mr. Fowler made his proposals, which were received with mild deprecation by the Opposition, who said that the shortening of the period of qualification for an elector from twelve months to three savoured of revolution, and that the idea of making the ratepayers bear the cost of the new machinery of registration smacked of tyranny. But the utmost amiability prevailed in an assembly unconscious that Mr. Lloyd George, in a private room, was invoking the maledictions of bygone bards on the head of any Liberal Minister who should dare to trifle with Welsh Disestablishment. That evening was further signalled by the election of Mr. J. W. Mellor as the new Chairman of Committees, a very meek-looking official in evening dress, presenting a strong contrast to the bluff exterior of his predecessor, the Right Hon. Leonard Courtney. Then the calm deepened, and next day, after listening to Mr. Kimber and Sir Charles Dilke on the redistribution of seats, the House quietly counted itself out at dinner-time, leaving Mr. Naoroji, the pensive Asiatic who sits for Central Finsbury, where his majority was dissolved on a scrutiny, with an undelivered speech on some Indian topic. I feel for Mr. Naoroji. Without a majority, and with an unuttered oration, he is like the cherubs who "couldn't sit down, for they hadn't *de quoi*."





1. Two-year-old stallions in the ring.
2. Looking him over.
3. A baby.
4. The morning toilet.
5. The Prince of Wales's stallion.
6. Bury Victor Chief (last year's champion).

THE SHIRE HORSE SHOW AT THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL HALL.



POSITION OF H.M.S. HOWE AT FERROL AFTER THE FIRST ATTEMPT TO RAISE HER.

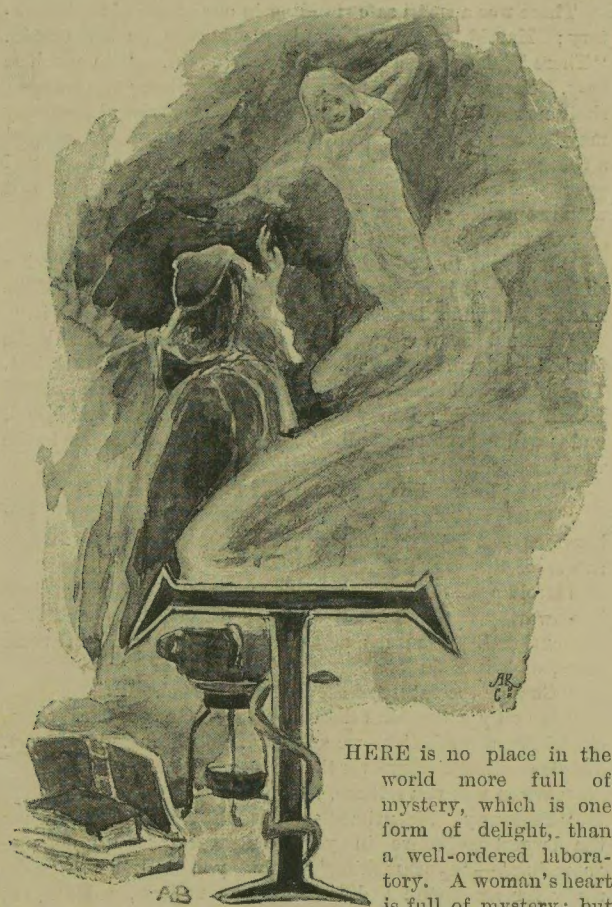
FROM A SKETCH BY C. G. CHICHESTER.



# THE REBEL QUEEN

By  
WALTER BESANT.

CHAPTER VIII.  
IN THE LABORATORY.



HERE is no place in the world more full of mystery, which is one form of delight, than a well-ordered laboratory. A woman's heart is full of mystery; but even when one has it—

surrendered at discretion and given up—in one's own custody it is so very, very hard to read. A cuneiform, a Hittite inscription, is as legible. A factory with its steam-engine and complicated wheels and whirr is full of mystery, but of a kind which makes the beholders wonder and utter vague commonplaces about the ingenuity of man. A studio with pictures in various stages of advancement, from the portrait which is as yet a mere ghost in chalk to the finished figure; with bits of tapestry; with a gallery of carved wood; with armour, spear-heads, swords, mirrors, costumes, and properties of all kinds, is full of mystery. But a chemical laboratory, with its bottles, retorts, crucibles, scales under glass, blow-pipes, glass rods, glass cylinders, jars, pestle and mortar, and its strange smells, is the most mysterious thing in the whole world. We are so well educated now that we no longer expect the bottles to go pop of their own accord. Time was when a lecture on chemistry was given once a year at the Athenæum or Mechanics' Institute, and it was bound to end with a pop. But the Laboratory recalls necromancers, poisoners, alchemists, searchers after the divine Elixir—some day they will find it, I dare say—magicians, physicians, conjurers, and all those who formerly worked with a crucible and a furnace: they all belong to the Laboratory. And from the Laboratory will come, in the future, the secrets that are going to do such wonderful things for the human race. The mysteries of the future, as well as those of the past, are in the Laboratory. As for the mysteries of the present, they belong to the chemist himself.

Harold Alleyne was the chemist of the present. He belonged by birth to a family which had not for many generations been called upon to earn their daily bread. It was, in fact, afflicted with a peerage. Now, a peerage of long standing is apt to develop, in those members of the family who stand near to the title, a certain indolence of brain which only wants encouragement to spring up in every human creature. Our brains would be overrun with this weed were it not for the necessity of work. Nobody except Rabelais has ever thoroughly comprehended the true beneficence of that necessity. Most of us would like nothing better than to stroll and talk between meals or to sit in drowsy content, Black Jack or Brown George at our elbows, and tobacco within reach, either beneath the shade of the trees or beside the fire, nodding at intervals, and from time to time taking another pull. Such a heavenly life had been led by Harold's people for certainly two hundred years—in fact, ever since they fought in the Civil War. They feasted and drank and took their tobacco and slept all through the last century, and, indeed, until the fourth quarter of this, which is now coming to an end. They grew fat of body and sluggish in mind as they continued in their Castle of Indolence. No family ever produced history so blameless, so absolutely barren of incident, so completely devoid of distinction as this noble family, whose head was the Earl of Hayling. This late nineteenth century, however, is pestilently breaking up all the good old traditions. Among other things, it has produced a most remarkable spirit of activity or restlessness, which is driving the younger sons and the grandsons into the learned professions and into trade and into pursuits which are

neither trade nor profession. Formerly they went into the Army or they did nothing. They are now found at the Bar and in the hospitals; they are found on the Stock Exchange and in merchants' offices; they are found on cattle ranches; they are even, I am informed, found on the beach among the isles of the Pacific. This restlessness seized upon the young Earl of Hayling—it was in the sixties—it was an early case of the disorder: it was then accounted wonderful: it so possessed that young nobleman that he laid down his title and his estates and everything that he had: he did this deliberately and in cold blood, he executed a legal instrument by which a certain brother was to receive and to use for himself all his rents until his return: he would have given him the title as well, but he could not. He did, however, assure his brother that he should never return. When this was done he put on common clothes, he sought the Port of London, and he shipped as a sailor before the mast. For ten years nobody heard anything more of him: then his solicitor met him by accident, down Limehouse way, still dressed as a sailor—bale, hearty, and cheerful. The sailor Earl inquired kindly after the welfare of his people, and sent a reassuring message to his brother that he did not mean to return, and then disappeared again. Therefore Harold, whose father, this brother above named, was now dead, knew not whether he was a Peer or not. His uncle might be alive—very likely

he was alive: he might have married—most men are married by the time they are fifty: there might be heirs—most men, married men, at fifty do have heirs—male heirs—sons. Meantime, when his father died the right to draw the rents was lost, and all the money was accumulating for the next Earl, whoever he might be.

The intellectual restlessness which caused his uncle to run away at the age of five-and-twenty passed over Harold's father, who lived in the country, and dozed between meals, and presently passed away peacefully in an after-luncheon nap, at the early age of forty or so. It descended, however, to Harold himself, and made him a man of science, not a dabbler in science—a man of science. At Cambridge he took a first-class in science; he became a Fellow and Lecturer of his college; he worked at science as resolutely as if he had his bread as well as his name to make. The former was already provided for. His father, who had enjoyed the family estates for fifteen years, left him an income of fifteen hundred a year, which is a good start in life. A man with fifteen hundred a year can do anything in reason. The things that are unreasonable can always be bought, but they are costly. Harold lived in Chelsea. He inhabited a house built for a studio—a tadpole kind of house, all studio and staircase, with two or three little rooms added for feeding and sleeping: the house was, in fact, a studio, and nothing else. He turned



"You!" he cried; "You!—Emanuel!—my dear friend, where have you been?"



the studio into a laboratory. Thus transformed, it was a large room on the first floor. It had a broad north window and a piece of skylight; it was provided with a furnace, a sink, and a tap, for when the chemist is not experimenting he is washing up. There were tables with jets of gas, blowpipes, and contrivances for holding things in position while they were tortured by the flame into yielding up their secrets; there were shelves of books in French, German, and Italian, as well as English; there was a writing-table of proportions almost equal to that of Madame Elveda's. It was an honest workshop, as complete as a small laboratory can be. One thing it possessed which does not usually belong to a laboratory—the portrait of a girl, a cabinet photograph, clear, bold of outline, true and natural, taken in Italy, where the lens is clearer and the sun stronger than in this country. It stood in a frame on the table, so that the worker could refresh his soul from time to time by the contemplation of it and the consideration of its owner's virtues.

This morning Harold was at work alone in his laboratory. As it was not many days after his dismissal by the young lady whose portrait stood on his table, he should have presented certain outward and visible marks of discomfiture, rage, disappointment, and despair. I have never with these eyes of mine beheld a rejected lover except once, when the creature actually laughed and jumped over the table for joy, for he had been afraid that he should be accepted. This young man certainly did not jump for joy; nor did he clench his fist and knit his brows; nor did he sit in the corner and sigh—nothing of the kind. As Elizabeth—Werther's Elizabeth—went on cutting bread and butter, so this young man went on with his Research. He was always conducting a Research: it had been interrupted by a young lady who told him to think of her no longer except as a friend; he had now resumed his labours until a more favourable opportunity. His face wore the grave and steady look of one who works and watches and thinks and seeks for facts, always new facts. It is the look which ennobles; there is no expression brought to the face by any other work which so much ennobles the face; let our sons take up no lesser and lower work than this. On the table—but he was not sitting at the table—beside the portrait lay a letter from Francesca; he had opened it and read it. Not a word was there about the few words of explanation and the Thing Impossible; it was free and frank like all her letters, friendly, confidential; she meant to carry out her promise; she would write to him just as if there had been no such episode. Very well; love-making set aside for the present, work could be resumed: meantime one could wait: the future might bring much. Francesca was a girl of many fancies: Melkah, the wise woman, had delivered an Oracle of Comfort and of Hope.

He worked from ten o'clock till noon: what he worked upon you may find in the "Transactions of the Chemical Society" of last year. While he was still engaged, the door of his laboratory was opened, and a man appeared without being announced. Harold heard nothing. The man waited for a moment. He looked about the room and nodded. He looked at the owner of the place and he smiled. Then he stepped softly across the room and laid his hand upon Harold's shoulder. Harold started, dropped his blowpipe, and sprang to his feet. "You!" he cried; "You!—Emanuel!—my dear friend, where have you been? What have you been doing? Why have you never written to me?" He seized both hands, and began again: "Where have you been? What have you been doing? Sit down—sit down. Take this chair, so. Now let us talk. Where have you been?"

"I have been, as usual, wandering over the face of the earth." He spoke gently and softly, with a foreign accent.

"Your name is not Emanuel but Cartaphilus, or Isaac Laquedem. You are nothing less than the Wandering Jew."

"I am a wandering Jew, that is quite certain. Yet not Cartaphilus or Isaac Laquedem."

"When I made your acquaintance you had been wandering for sixteen years—and that is four years ago!"

"Yes, I am still a wanderer. I wander about the world and look on. It is very interesting."

"You ought to write down what you know."

"I will, perhaps, some day, but one gets out of the habit of writing. The ancients meditated; the moderns write. I prefer the ancient practice."

"They died, and their meditations were lost."

"They returned to the earth. On that very day, you think, their thoughts perished. Perhaps, my friend—perhaps; if anything ever perishes. Yes, I have been wandering for more than twenty years. I began my travels first in order to get rid of a certain trouble. It was a grievous trouble, and I had to get as far away from it as possible. It was a trouble, too, that could not be shaken off—like a humpback. But, by the help of distance, it might sometimes be forgotten. So I wandered about the world, and succeeded in sometimes forgetting the trouble."

"Why did you not write to me?"

"I lost your address. When I got back to London I looked for it in the Directory and found it, and here I am."

"What about your scientific ideas? You were as full of science as of philosophy and prophecy."

"I will tell you presently. Is this your laboratory?—your own?"

"My own. Your own, if you like. Oh! not in Spanish parlance. It is your own to use whenever you please—all day long—every day."

"Thanks. I will use it, perhaps, if only as a proof that you have not forgotten me."

"Forgotten you, Emanuel! How could I forget you?" Again he held out both hands. "How could I ever forget the manner of meeting you? It was in the Desert east of Petra. There I found the man of science—the Philosopher—with a tribe of Bedouins, wandering with them, living with them, dressed in their dress, only with spectacles. Never shall I forget my astonishment when one of those sons of the

Desert, but with spectacles, addressed me in German, French, and English."

"It was a happy meeting. As for me, wherever I go, I always dress like the people and talk their language."

"Hang it! one must first learn their language."

"That is easy; mostly they are only dialects."

"Easy to you, perhaps. Then that journey across the Desert to the Euphrates, passed on from tribe to tribe, with you to talk for me and with me—I suppose you think it easy for me to forget that? And the journey up the Valley of the Euphrates among the mounds and the ruins and the lions. Easy to forget that, of course?"

"I remember that journey also—well."

"We were together six months, and now it seems so short a time and yet so long. I learned more from you in that short half year than I learned in all my life before from all the books. Forget you, Emanuel? Why, you poured ideas into my brain; you preached to me; you prophesied. Forget you? Why, when you talked you carried my spirit away. I forgot everything, I heard nothing, I saw nothing, except what you wished me to see and to hear and to think. Is there another man in the world who has this power, I wonder? You are the last of the Prophets. I understand now what those felt who listened to the Great Prophets of old. You shall talk to me again, if you will. I wonder whether in this crowded town you will have the same power as you possessed in the wild free air of the Desert."

"It is the thing that is said—the mind that receives—not the place where the thing is said. My friend, it is because you are what you are—able to receive and understand—that you were carried away. One might say the same thing to a thousand men, and they would not be moved in the least—not in the least. But it is pleasant—oh! it is very pleasant"—Emanuel spoke gently with his musical voice—"to hear such words. Let us agree never to forget that journey. We saw many men; we pleased ourselves with restoring the old civilisation where it was born; we learned a good deal. As for what I said, I had many things to say, I remember. When one wanders about, many ideas come to one. But friendship exaggerates: you speak too well of my poor thoughts. Yet to receive another man's thoughts demands, at least, an equal—sometimes a higher—nature. Perhaps the air of the Desert helped."

"It is the finest air in all the world. It lifts the soul, Emanuel. I am taller and bigger since I drank that air."

"As for me, it is my native air. The Jew comes from the Desert: he wandered for forty years in that great Syrian Desert, till two men only were left of all those who came out of Egypt. All those were dead—they and their slavish minds. When these were dead, and the freedom of the Desert was strong in the souls of their children, Joshua led them on to conquest. We are the children of the Desert."

"Yes, you were at home there. The place inspired you. Here was a man of science without a laboratory; of learning, without books; a philosopher without paper and pen; a teacher with but one disciple; a traveller without money; a man of ideas, careless whether they could be given to the world or not; a man without ambitions, without desires, content with the lowest. The last of the Prophets was also the last of the Pilgrims."

"Since you say so, Harold."

"When last we parted it was at Sidon. I was going on to Beyrout, you were going to make your way to Damascus. Heavens! how dull and flat it was without you! But you are home, and now we will talk again."

"I went on to Damascus. In the Lebanon some robbers stripped me of all my clothes—I had nothing else—and they left me my note-book. So I was once more in the condition in which you found me. But I got to the city, where I found many of our people, and I stayed there a long time."

"There is no laboratory at Damascus, I suppose?"

"No. I thought about a good many things, and I worked at my trade to pay my way. I discovered, as I always do, a man who would buy, in order to sell for more money, as much as I would do for him. No man will ever starve who can by working put money into another man's hands. I looked about for books—the old Arabic books—in Damascus, but I found no profit in them. Books are chiefly for the ignorant, and they deceive as much as they lead. There was a physician in Damascus who boasted himself to be a chemist—he was one of our People. He wanted me to make things for him—things to make a woman's eyes bright and her skin soft, things to make an old man young again—so that he might sell them and grow rich. I refused. He became importunate. So I left the place. Why should I make men rich? Besides, I was restless."

"Wherefore?"

"I was restless because I was by this time wholly possessed with a thought. It was such a thought as threatened never to take shape, but always to possess me to the end. Men whom such a thought possesses go mad. I believed that I was going mad unless I could get rid of that thought. So I arose and took my staff and set out again."

"Which way this time?"

"I was so filled with my thought that I took little note of where I went or what I saw. First I went over the mountains to Hamath and Aleppo, where I struck the valley of the Euphrates, and so up into Armenia. It was a long walk—six hundred miles, I believe. It was lonely. There were dangers from wild beasts as well as from robbers. But I feared no dangers; I never fell into any worse trouble than being robbed of my clothes. I was always thinking as I went along about this great idea of mine. Presently—I do not remember the way—I got to Trebizond. Here I found some of my People, and I stayed there for a while. But this thought of mine, which would not leave me day or night, made me restless again, and I went away from Trebizond and travelled eastwards, and presently found myself at Tiflis—among the Russians—and at Astrakhan—and so into European Russia, and then—then—ah!—then"—

"You have done more than think of something, Emanuel; you have discovered something."

"Yes," he replied simply, "I have; and I have come to England in order to tell you, and you alone."

"I see it in your eyes. Why, I was always sure you would. A man with your wealth of ideas is bound to discover things. Some men poke about purblind. You have got eyes that see through a stone wall."

Emanuel pulled out of his pocket a little packet of papers tied up with string. It was significant that the paper was of the commonest and the string of the poorest. "There is my secret," he said. "It is there for you to read, with the history of how I came upon it. I give it to you; do what you will with it. Only do not open the packet yet—lock it up somewhere. Open it and read it after I have told you what it is."

There was a small safe standing in one corner of the laboratory; Harold opened it and placed the packet within. "There!" he said, locking the door again. "So much is easy. You will tell me more, my friend, when you please—I shall not ask." He spoke carelessly. A chemical discovery may be from a scientific point of view most important, yet not a thing calculated to fire the imagination—a combination of gas; a new metal; how to work an old metal; a new salt with properties previously unsuspected. It would wait.

"Is the safe fireproof?" asked Emanuel, anxiously.

"It is said to be—I hope it will not be tested. In such a simple thing it is always best to accept the assurance of the maker. But, indeed, I think it is. Do not be anxious about it."

Emanuel heaved—or breathed—or fetched—I think he fetched—a deep, deep sigh. "It is out of my hands at last. To-night I shall sleep in peace. The house may catch fire and I shall not mind; I may be run over in the street and killed, and it will not matter at all. It will make no difference to the world, since the thing is in your hands."

"But, Emanuel, is it so very great a secret, then?"

"It is great enough—you will not believe this until you learn what it is—great enough, I say, to change the whole future of the world."

Harold opened his eyes and his mouth. The latter gesture is unworthy a philosopher, but it is traditional—and it is conventional. It means astonishment, combined, in some cases, with incredulity.

"Change the future of the world?" he echoed.

"As only a chemical discovery can. Gunpowder, steam, electricity, anaesthetics—we get them all through chemistry. This is another victory over the forces of Nature."

"When will you tell me, Emanuel?"

"Presently. Meantime"—he laughed gently—"find me the largest adjective in your language: 'stupendous'—'amazing'—'epochmaking'—what you will, and keep it ready for use. Oh! I did well to be restless, since I was possessed with such a discovery."

"But—Good Heavens!"

"Yes. I want to tell it after my own fashion. You remember how we used to talk, after nightfall, outside the tents, in the cool dry air which stimulates the brain better than champagne—well, I want to talk to you again like that and so tell you thus. Patience, my friend, for a little. Now think! I had that secret in my mind, fully grown, proved, and ready to be put into practice—not written, not communicated to anybody, but lying in my mind—and I was only one of a company—a herd—of starving wretches driven across Russia, penniless and in rags, with this great Thing newly born and living in my head. Oh! The words, the formula, the letters burned themselves in my brain. All day long I saw them written in the sky; all night long a voice shouted them in my ears. I had no means of writing anything—there was neither paper nor pencil. Then I thought what if I were to die? Some of our company did die. Fatigue, exposure, anguish, bad food killed many of them. What if the same causes killed me? Men die suddenly at any time. The heart stops; there is an end. Something falls upon them and kills them; they are murdered; they fall sick and die; then all their knowledge dies with them. To the next world we carry neither our wisdom nor our foolishness, neither our wealth nor our poverty. The terror of it alone was near to killing me. But I did not die. When we arrived at a place with some civilisation I hastened to write it down. Yes, even before washing and eating, I wrote it down and addressed it with your name—Harold Alleyne, London. Even then I had no rest, because it might be stolen and might fall into the hands of someone who—well, it is safe at last. I have come across Europe with the packet in my hands. I have not lost it, I have not been robbed, the train was not destroyed by a collision, nor was the steamer wrecked. The packet is safe at last and in your hands."

"To say"—Harold tried to repress his own excitement—"to say that you have made me curious is to say a thing ridiculous. I am burning to know—but you shall tell me at your own time. I have your secret locked up safely."

"You shall use it as you like. I give it to you."

"Nonsense! How can I make use of your discovery? By selling it? You would scarcely approve of that. If you honour me with your confidence that is everything to me. It is your discovery. You shall have the honour and the fame of it."

Emanuel shook his head.

"I want neither honour nor fame," he said. "I want to do something—if possible, something great—before I go hence and am no more seen. I am a lonely man, with neither wife nor child. What can it matter when I am dead if my name is spoken of all over the world? That is a great thing, but the inventor—the man to whom the discovery was granted—is such a man that he does quite as well to keep unknown. Let him who has children make himself known; it is for their advantage; honour to him may mean consideration to them. I have no children to remember me."

"You are not old—you may still marry and have children."

"Impossible. If for no other reason, because I am poor. The woman whom I could marry would not marry me."



"Some chemists turn their discoveries into gold."

"Yes. I have known many such"—he laughed a little. "I told you of the Physician of Damascus. There was also another, a chemist in Munich—one of the People. I found something by which he could make money—a new dye, a new kind of soap, something foolish. He proposed to make me a partner if I would keep on inventing things out of which he could make money. Oh, I was to become so rich, so rich! But I left him and came away. I had my carving tools, and I left him to his money—to his more money. And they say there is no more idolatry! Now, behold a thing which you have not considered, because you think it does not concern you. Nay, you have never been taught it. All the curses and troubles, the consequences and results of wickedness and ignorance, which afflict humanity fall with twofold force upon the Chosen People. Whatever we do, whatever we suffer, it is of a kind more intense than falls upon others. See how miserably poor are our poor; not commonly poor, like your people, but miserably, cruelly poor; see how those of us who pursue money work for it with an ardour unknown to your people. In all things we are in extreme. Well, let there be one man, at least, in the world—Jew or Christian—who does not want money. And let me be that man."

"Soit. You shall be that man. You shall give your discovery to the world. Yet you may retain for yourself—and laudably—the honour and the glory of it. You would not refuse such honour as one man of science gives to another for a great achievement."

"We will speak of that hereafter. I have told you, partly, why I came here. Now, for the present, I must go." He rose, but lingered a while. "It is very good to see your face again, my friend—the only friend I have in this country. Other friends I have found since I began to go up and down upon the face of the earth; but you are the best. For you are of those who can draw out of a man whatever the Lord—or the Devil—has put into him, his best or his worst. You know not your own power. Every man has his own—what is it?—his own magnetic power. Some make men reveal themselves—you are one; a woman who loved you would reveal all her soul to you. Some make men listen, follow, fight, die, all with that magnetic power. Chemistry cannot control it or discover it. Well, we talked in the Desert; in this crowded city it is difficult to talk. My own place is more open. Will you come to see me in my lodging?"

"Where are you staying?"

"It is a long way from here, but you can reach it by train. Here is my address." He wrote it on a slip of paper. "I lodge in the house of one Bernard, to whom I was recommended by one of our People. I believe he lives by betting on horses. His daughter appears to be respectable. She teaches music—chiefly, I believe, an instrument called the banjo. When one begins to think its tinkling is not perceived."

"Shall I come to-morrow?"

"No, Harold. Nor the next day. I have something else to say. Let me think. There is no hurry, and now that you have the packet in your possession I can rest and think. I will write to you or call upon you."

"But it must be soon, Emanuel. What! You have made a discovery which will change the future of the world? You have made a discovery which you call stupendous, and you keep the world waiting?"

"All in good time, my friend. Remember, I have come straight from Russia with this secret in my brain. I want to rest a little and to think. There are other things to say. Let me rest and think."

"You shall rest and think as long as you please, Emanuel. You shall tell me when you please and how you please; and I will not be impatient. You are the master of your own secret. But—to change the future of the world? What have you found that can change the future of the world? There—there—I will wait. In your own good time."

"I have taken—I do not know why—certain persons advised it—an English name: many of my people do that for their own purposes. I am one Ellis for the time."

"Emanuel Ellis. Good. To me you are always plain Emanuel."

"I will be anything you please, so that you do not forget me. I was wondering as I came along whether you would remember me or not. Four years is a long time for a young man to remember. In youth one should live a full rich life, always making new friends, learning new things, having new experiences. One has still so much to learn. Yet you have not forgotten your friend of four years since. It is very good."

His eyes fell upon the photograph on the table. He started, looked at it again, caught it up eagerly. Then he put it down with a sigh. "Ah!" he cried, "I thought I remembered the face. It is like a woman I knew twenty years ago. But she must now be old. This girl is something like her. Curious! Your friend is a Jewess."

"No; she is a Moor—a Spanish Moor."

"There are no Spanish Moors. There are Spaniards of Moorish descent, but they are long since mixed and lost in the general population. This girl is of the Spanish Jews, like me." He took up the photograph again. "Strange! there certainly is in her face the resemblance that I fancied. Now I have lost it—now it comes again. How can a picture change its expression? Nay, it is a trick of memory. Well, my friend"—he replaced the photograph—"it is the face of a Spanish Jewess. There are many women like her in Spain."

"No, Emanuel. There is none like this woman in all the world."

"Is that so, my friend? Is that so? Then," he said solemnly, "the Lord grant you your heart's desire and never to tire of it—never to wonder why you desired it, never to wish it changed!"

(To be continued.)

## QUEEN MARY'S JEWELS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Different ages have different tastes in relics, and while the Middle Ages preferred a bone, a toe, or a tooth of a saint, we now set more price on a ring, a bracelet, a lock of hair of a sinner. Whether Mary Stuart was a sinner (as many contend) or a saint (which the Church delays to pronounce her), the jewels which she owned and wore were valuable for their materials, their *façon*, and their memories. Most are scattered or lost, or dubiously preserved in old families, but their history, at least, has been traced in a somewhat rare volume, "*Inventaires de la Roynie Descosse, Douairière de la France*" (Edinburgh: The Bannatyne Club, 1863). The book is edited by that very learned antiquary Dr. Joseph Robertson, of the Register House, and in these matters "what he did not know is not knowledge." When the Queen landed at Edinburgh on Aug. 19, 1561, with all her sorrows before her, it was known that she brought jewels of great price. According to George Buchanan (concerning whom the Chevalier Strong might have remarked, as to Sir Francis Clavering, "George, I believe you would rather

husband, Francis II., we find the Egg of Naples, a huge ruby, and some large diamonds, but these were French royal property. Among her own things is the Great Harry, a large diamond with a big ruby attached by a chain. The inventories made in Scotland enumerate the rich vestments confiscated from Lord Huntley, to whom, as a Catholic peer, the plate and furniture of Aberdeen Cathedral were handed for safety when John Knox was going about with his abominable rabble. It is a melancholy truth that, just a month after Bothwell blew up Darnley, Mary gave Bothwell some of the beautiful priestly vestments to make him doublets withal. Others were cut up before her eyes to furnish coverlets for the cradle of the infant James VI. Now, as at least some of these vestments were relics of the spoil of Bannockburn, the most loyal admirers of Mary will remark that she behaved neither as a good wife, a good patriot, a good churchwoman, nor as a woman of taste. How Mr. Skelton is to get over this evidence of infatuation for Bothwell and of indifference to the sacred property of the Church, one does not see. Chasubles of cloth of gold cut up to bedizen the plain and Protestant Bothwell, *ça marque mal*, and I point it out to the attention of the Advocatus Diaboli.

On June 19, 1566, Queen Mary gave birth to James VI. She had made a will, in case she did not recover. It is a list of her treasures, with the name of the person who was to inherit each written opposite in her own hand. The Great Harry, already spoken of, with her other largest diamonds, she bequeathed to the Scottish Crown, to be worn by the Queens who may succeed her. She made no fewer than twenty-six bequests to Darnley, her scoundrelly husband, including her wedding ring of diamonds set in red enamel and a gold chain of two hundred links, with two diamonds in each link. Her French and Scottish friends and kindred were well remembered, and diamond bracelets were bequeathed to the Countess of Mar, whom Knox gracefully describes as "a Jezebel fit for the man of Satan." Bothwell was to have a diamond in black enamel and a ring with eleven diamonds and a ruby. In reading this testament we find future enemies as well as friends distinguished by the Queen—Bishop Leslie and Sir James Balfour, the four Maries, and the brother of the murdered Rizzio. To him is left a jewel which David Rizzio had presented to the Queen; but, as she did not die, all these legacies, of course, remained in her possession, nor did the University Library of St. Andrews receive her Greek and Latin books, as she had intended.

Later inventories were made after the Queen's fall. Her bastard brother Moray seized, and, like a pious Protestant, burned, six of her prayer-books. May he have been required for this and a hundred other good deeds of a similar taste! He had been playing the hangman and burning beautiful service-books at Dalhousie before the Reformation was six months old; in fact, what Moray could not rob and keep, for conscience' sake, that he destroyed. Dr. Robertson thinks that he very probably gave to the flames the books which good St. Margaret read, and which her husband, King Malcolm, who could not read them, kissed and adorned with jewels and gold. We may be sure that Moray's Nonconformist conscience did not revolt at keeping the binding. When Mary was locked up in Loch Leven she asked this godly half-brother of hers to take care of her jewels. Of course he sold the best to Elizabeth. Catherine de Medicis wished to buy them, but Elizabeth, so niggardly where the public service was concerned, gave £3600 for some of her rival's pearls. Moray's wife held on grimly to the Great Harry, after Moray's lamented death by the carbine of Bothwellhaugh. But Morton made the widowed Countess of Moray disgorge this treasure, and the large diamond of the Great Harry was added, under James VI., to the jewel called the Myrror of Great Brytaine. It may be observed that, if Mary was a sinner, her enemies, the saints of Knox's persuasion, were very unamiable characters.

Lord Rothschild has consented to preside at the festival dinner of the Royal Hospital for Diseases of the Chest, City Road, E.C., which is to take place at the Hôtel Métropole on Tuesday, June 20.

An excellent programme of sacred music was provided on Ash Wednesday evening at St. James's Hall. The vocalists, all of whom were received enthusiastically, included Mrs. Mary Davies, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Madame Belle Cole, Madame Alice Gomez, and Miss Macintyre; the veteran favourite, Mr. Charles Santley, who sang with much of his old power; Mr. Ben Davies, who had to repeat his excellent delivery of "Waft her, angels"; Mr. Charles Chilly, and Mr. Franklin Clive. The efficient accompanists were Mr. Sidney Naylor and Mr. Waddington Cooke. An additional effect was given to Miss Macintyre's singing of "Ave Maria" by the violin accompaniment by Miss Marianne Eissler. The select choir, conducted by Mr. Eaton Fanning, did good service during an arduous evening.



"It is like a woman I knew twenty years ago."

lie than not"), Cardinal Guise wanted Mary to leave her trinkets in France. But she replied that, "as she was going into danger herself, she did not see why she should be more cautious about her treasures than about her person." When I ventured parenthetically to disparage George's character for veracity, I only meant that he would believe any harm of a Papist, and therefore he thought that the Cardinal wished to "collar" the Queen's rings and bracelets and brooches.

The first inventory of Mary's things was made in 1556, when she was living in France, a girl of fourteen. A number of objects were then sent over to France by the ex-Regent Arran, including a dagger given by Francis I. to James V. For that dagger many an honest collector would commit crimes. It was "a whinger with a sheath of gold, set with a great sapphire on the head, with nineteen rubies and three diamonds on the handle, and upon the sheath twenty-seven rubies, great and small, six 'amercantis,' great and small, six diamonds, with a great knob of gold," and so forth. This wonderful dagger was given to Lord Ruthven, and he may have stuck it into Rizzio's body before the eyes, or, at least, in the immediate neighbourhood, of the Queen who gave it. Since Ruthven obtained it, the historical whinger vanishes from the eyes of history. It has disappeared, like the cup and silver bowls of Robert Bruce.

In an inventory made on the death of Mary's first





"THE ART STUDENT."—BY A. JOHNSON.





*The old woodman shifted the knife with which he was mending his fishing-rod from one hand to the other, and looked at it musingly.*

#### PARABLES OF A PROVINCE.—IV.

BY GILBERT PARKER.

##### A COURIER OF THE WOODS.

The old woodman shifted the knife with which he was mending his fishing-rod from one hand to the other, and looked at it musingly, before he replied to Medallion. "Yes, Monsieur, I know the 'White Chief,' as they called him: this was his"—holding up the knife—"and this"—taking a watch from his pocket. "He gave them to me; I was with him in the Circle on the great journey."

"Tell us about him, then," Medallion urged; "for there are many tales, and who knows which is the right one?"

"The right one is mine. Mother of Heaven! he was to me like a father—then. I know the truth." He paused a moment, looking out on the river, where the hot sun was playing with all its might, then took off his cap with deliberation, laid it beside him, and, speaking as it were into the distance, began: "He had been a trader of the Hudson's Bay Company. Of his birth some said one thing, some another. I know he was *beaucoup gentil*; and his heart, it was a lion's! Once, when there was trouble with the Chipp'way tribe, he went alone to their camp and offered to fight their strongest man to stop the trouble. He twisted the neck of the great fighting man of the tribe so that it went with a snap, and that ended it; and he was made a chief, for, you see, in their hearts they all hated their strong man. Well, one winter there came down to Fort o' God two Esquimaux; and they said that three white men were wintering by the Coppermine River—they had travelled down from the frozen seas when their ship was locked in the ice, but could get no farther. They were sick with 'the evil skin,' and starving. The White Chief said to me, 'Galloir, will you go?' I would have gone with him to the ends of the world, and this was near one end."

The old man laughed to himself, tossed back his jet-black hair from his wrinkled face, and, after a moment, continued: "There never was such a winter as that. The air was so still by times that you could hear the rustle of the stars and the shifting of the Northern Lights; but the cold at night caught you by the heart and clamped it. *Mon Dieu!* how it clamped it! We crawled under the snow, and lay in our bags, which were lined with fur and wool; and the dogs hugged close to us. We were sorry for the

dogs, and one died and then another, and there was nothing so dreadful as to hear the dogs howl in the long night—it was like the cries of ghosts in an empty world. The circle of the sun got smaller and smaller, till he only travelled along the high edge of the north-west. We got to the river at last, and we found the camp. There was one man dead—only one; but there were bones—ah, Monsieur, you cannot guess what a thing it is to look upon the bones of men, and know *that!*" . . .

Medallion put his hand on the old man's arm. "Wait a minute," he said. Then he poured out coffee for both, and they drank before the rest was told.

"It's a creepy story," said Medallion; "go on."

"Well, the White Chief looked at the dead man as he sat there in the snow, with a book and a piece of paper beside him, and the pencil in the book. The face was bent forward to the knees. The White Chief picked up the book and pencil, and then knelt down and peered up in the dead man's face, all hard like stone and crusted with frost. I thought he would never stir again, he looked so long. I think he was puzzled. Then he turned and said to me, 'So quiet, so awful, Galloir;' and got up. Well, but it was cold then, and my head seemed big, and running about like a ball of air. But I lighted a spirit-lamp, and made some coffee, and he opened the book and began to read. All at once I heard a cry, and I saw him drop the book on

the ground, and go to the dead man and jerk his fist, as if to strike him in the face. But he did not."

Galloir stopped, and lighted his pipe, and was so long silent that Medallion had to jog him into speaking again.



*He twisted the neck of the great fighting man of the tribe so that it went with a snap.*





*The White Chief picked up the book and pencil, and then knelt down and peered up in the dead man's face, all hard like stone and crusted with frost.*

He puffed the smoke so that his face was in the cloud, and he said through it, "No, he did not strike. He got to his feet, and spoke, 'Ah, *Jésu, pardon!*'—like that! and came and took up the book again, and read. He ate and drank, and read the book again, and I knew by his face that something more than the cold was clamping his heart. 'Shall we bury him in the snow?' I said. 'No,' he spoke, 'let him sit there till the Judgment. This is a wonderful book, Galloir,' he went on. 'He was a brave man, but the rest!—the rest!' Then under his breath almost, 'She was so young—but a child.' I did not understand that. We started away soon, leaving the Thing there: for four days, and then I saw that the White Chief would never get back to Fort Pentecost; but he read the dead man's book much. . . . cannot forget that one day. . . . he lay looking at the world—nothing but the waves of snow, shining blue and white, on and on. The sun lifted an eyelid of blood in the north, winking like a devil as I tried to drive death away by calling loud in his ear. He waked all at once, but yet his eyes seemed asleep. He told me to take the book to a great man in Montreal—he gave me the name. Then he took his watch from the pocket—it was stopped—and this knife, and put them into my hands, and then patted my shoulder. He motioned to have the bag drawn over his head. I did it. Of course that was the end" . . .

Galloir took out the watch and turned it round in his hand, held it to his ear, and gave a silent little laugh. "Eh! that was a good watch."

"But what about the book?" Medallion asked.

"That book? It was strange. I took it to the man in Montreal—*Tonnerre!* what a fine house and good wine had he!—and told him all. He whipped out a scarf and blew his nose, and said very angrily: 'So, she's lost both now! What a damned scoundrel he was!' . . . Which one did he mean? I do not understand ever since."

#### ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The important meeting of Churchmen, both clergy and laity, at the Mansion House on Friday, Feb. 17, convened by the Bishops of London, Rochester, and St. Albans, to remedy the spiritual warts of the Metropolis and "Greater London," merits considerable notice. The Archbishop of York, only in a territorial sense going beyond his province, had a good right to be in the chair, for he—"York, you 're wanted"—Dr. W. D. Maclagan, as former Vicar of Newington, in South London, and subsequently of Kensington, was a diligent London parish clergyman, who wrote ably upon this question thirty years ago, and who during five years assisted Archbishop Tate in the special



*He motioned to have the bag drawn over his head. I did it. Of course, that was the end.*

work of erecting and organising new London churches. The Bishop of London, who spoke next, stated that within the last ten years the population of his own diocese had increased by 300,000 souls. It now amounts to 3,400,000; that of Rochester includes all South London from Battersea to Greenwich, with 1,600,000 people; and in that of St. Albans the portion of east "Greater London" in the county of Essex contributes 450,000, mostly of the labouring class. The rate of increase during ten years is 36 per cent. in the suburbs and outlying districts, but 75 per cent. in the more densely inhabited parts of town. The need is almost equally great in the northern and north-western suburbs, for which the Bishop of Marlborough pleaded in his turn; and we could say a word, from local knowledge, of such brave and powerful efforts as that of the Rev. C. Mackeson, in his iron church of "The Good Shepherd" at South Hampstead, to the east of Haverstock Hill.

The death of Mr. Henry Burnett, Dickens's brother-in-law, father of the child who suggested Paul Dombey, brings up the old question of the great novelist's relation to Dissent. No one has criticised Dissent more mercilessly: Stiggins and Chadband are names that live. But Mr. Burnett, and his wife, Dickens's favourite sister, were Dissenters, and devoutly religious. Their story is told in a little book of recollections by their minister in Manchester, the Rev. James Griffin, and it is a touching record of simple faith and goodness. Mr. Griffin speaks very pleasantly of

Dickens's kindness to his relatives. In Forster's memoir there is a very amusing letter describing the funeral of Hone, at which Thomas Binney, the leader of the last generation of Nonconformists, officiated. When the biography appeared, George Cruikshank indignantly denounced the letter as a gross caricature of what took place. Archbishop Tait described Binney as looking like a "king among men," but of this Dickens says nothing. The fact is, he did not love Dissent.

Mrs. Oliphant, whose book, "*Salem Chapel*," seems as vital as anything she has written, though, to my mind, far inferior to "*Phoebe Junior*," has explained that when she wrote that brilliant picture of Dissenting life she had only a distant acquaintance with English Nonconformity. Scotch Nonconformists, however, she knew well, and her warm sympathy with the Disruption of the Scotch Kirk in 1843 is shown in some of her earliest books. Her brother was a Presbyterian minister in Northumberland, and a novelist in a very small way.

The well-informed "*Peter Lombard*" says that the late well-remembered Prebendary Vaughan, of Brighton, though much claimed, and not unreasonably, by the Low Church party, was really, at the time of his death, to be reckoned as a High Churchman. Somehow, I am not surprised to hear this. That he had a surpliced choir and preached in a surplice does not, as "*Peter Lombard*" says, prove much; but his later sermons are not in the same key as his earlier.

There is still some feeling both in Scotland and England that the Scotch Episcopalians who objected to the election of Bishop Wilkinson to the see of St. Andrews are in the right. Not that anyone has a word to say against the eminent and saintly prelate who in a spirit of absolute devotion has accepted the position, but it is felt that if the Scottish Episcopal Church is to reach the Scottish people she must appear as a national church. Dr. Wilkinson, however, will, no doubt, justify the choice of the electors. Many will watch with interest the relations between him and the Presbyterian "bishop" of the district, the well-known "A. K. H. B."

Dr. Dowden, Bishop of Edinburgh, has come forward in defence of the Scotch Presbyterian Establishment. In this cause he will be followed by most of the Scotch Episcopalians. They are, generally speaking, Conservatives, and, while aware that disestablishment would increase the number of their own adherents, they value a national testimony to religion. Dr. Dowden has apparently given over signing himself "*J. Edenburgen*." The practice provoked more mirth than reverence in the northern capital.

Father Ignatius has produced an unusual impression, even for him, at St. Mary's, Oxford. He has taken up his parable against the "*Higher Criticism*" which has captured the strongholds of Oxford, Dr. Pusey's chair, and even the Pusey House itself.

The Church papers are not at all angry with Mr. Gladstone. They think the Suspensory Bills "a shift" to which Mr. Gladstone was driven to stave off the more pressing claims of some among his followers. "Mr. Gladstone," says one of them, "we are sure, does not himself expect—does not, we would fain believe, desire in his heart of hearts—to have to deal with the Welsh sees either now or at any time; nor is it like him—or, at least, like his better self—to do ought to arrest the growth and progress of a vigorous portion of the English Church." V.







## F MARKET HARBOUR

and the extreme southern ground of the Pytchley, tradition has said that the dangers are so overwhelming and the difficulties so great that bold men may face them for a few years only, and wise men, with Lares and Penates, never. So might it be written of the Duke of Grafton's, which

knows runs over Bicester and Warwickshire country even to Shuckburgh, that there are corners of its district where Whyte-Melville's blackthorns, strong enough to hold an elephant, offer scope for all the noble qualities of man and beast. And this is more readily understood when one recalls the boundaries which the Masters, the Hon. E. Douglas Pennant and Mr. A. J. Roberts, put upon themselves, extending their district so that it abuts on fine land near the Bicester, the Warwickshire, and the Pytchley, and extends an open hand to the Whaddon Chase and all that is best on the skirt of the Shires.

I have often thought that the great master of hunting song, who wrote so much that is canonical on all that is best in the sport, drew a very arbitrary distinction when he laid down those fine-drawn differences between provincial and Shire hunting. What, for instance, would the best of the Grafton men—and at their best they have grit in them, as the dullest block from Euston learns all too quickly—think of the mud-in-the-hole colouring which Whyte-Melville puts on his sketch of the provincial field, with one huntsman and one whip, a vicar for ornament, a schoolboy for devilry, and three stout yeomen for the mere grace of detail? Have they none to pilot them over the large places? Is their ambition satisfied with an occasional view of the stirring pageant? Do they always seek a convenient hand-gate and a friendly bridge in their county of waters and wide jumping? Have they no hurrying cavalcade long drawn out, no duffers who are a mere liver brigade, but friendly in converse and good for *bon camaraderie*? This, truly, is a picture which may fit South Coast harriers or drag-hunts near the Fens. Put it into ballads, and it will serve the records of provincial hunting as well as the ballads of the Eternal City helped Macaulay. But for all purposes of accurate description it is as childish as Goldsmith in his weakest discursive mood. To-day he would be a bold man who would draw any lesson of superiority from the performance of the Shire men as against those of the Oakley, the Atherstone, the Whaddon Chase, or the Grafton. In plain skill of horsemanship, work is to be seen near Towcester, Bugboro', and Weedon, over the bullfinched ground which abuts on the forbidden country, which may be rivalled, but is never surpassed, by any horseman that ever donned the pink. Let Tom Smith and Tom Bishop speak of Lord Penrhyn, of Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, of Mr. Bird, of Mr. Grazebrook, of Major Blackwood, of Lady Hesketh, Mrs. Douglas

Pennant, Mrs. Oliver, and Mrs. Bryas. Is there anything of the rough and rude in the line they take; do they cry perpetually for the bridge and the gate, for the plain meadow work, and the steady gallop in the long grass land? The veriest tyro, the most casual hack-mounted rascal from town, will give you the direct negative, declaring that for sheer daring and devil across the difficult land the Grafton has a record which any might envy.

But let us call in the admirable "Brooksby" with a *gratias agamus*, and speak more plainly of the Grafton country in its detail. One thing we remember at the outset. It is a country upon which the town-bound man calls heartfelt blessings, for you may take your breakfast at Charing Cross, yet will the morning train from Euston put you down within easy call of the best of it. Get you to Buckingham or to Brackley, or seek Towcester direct, and you may hear the "gone-away" three days of four with no haste and good digestion waiting upon appetite. And if fortune grants you more of leisure, you may set up your little stud at Weedon, where a blessed soldiery with little to do and a good spirit for the work blesses a country which puts it in touch with four packs of foxhounds, and those among the finest in the greater provinces. Weedon, indeed, is the station for the alternate Monday meet on the Fawley side, where the grass is good and the gallops are long, and where, towards Griffin's Gorse, the

Bicester country is trodden or the heavily fenced grass-land of the famed Shuckburgh. But the second Monday brings one again into the Towcester country, with the draws at Church Wood or the neutral Badby Wood, which are a surety for foxes, for plenty of plough, and for the fences, which to the sluggards are a heaven of delight. At Hinton Gorse, says "Brooksby," the Grafton are at the extreme limit of their own territory, and bordering "on a grand spread of country belonging part to the Bicester, part to the Warwickshire. The great deep grass-fields and the dense bullfinches of this region call for the highest and boldest qualities on the part of the horse—only to be employed to the full at the hands of a high-class rider. On Monday, too, we may be at Canons Ashby, with its double coverts, at Stowe Wood, at Foster's Booth for Drayton Osier-Bed and Ascot Thorns, at Tiffeld Toll Gate and Shosely Grounds, at Blisworth Gorse or Plane Woods, reminding us as we cross the London and North-Western Railway how much the country has been cut up by the omnivorous engineer, and how frequently the procession over the sleepers is known in the week's work. But, after all, when Friday comes and brings the Pytchley men, the men from Leighton and the large London contingent, those who, reading, have cursed the drawback remain to pray, and go with light hearts to Brackley, or Whitfield, to Whistley Wood—where, ten years ago, an old dog-fox gave them fifty-



The old Kennel's  
Wokefield Laird





A MEET OF THE GRAFTON HUNT AT ASTWELL MILLS.





THE GRAFTON HUNT: ALONG THE LINE INTO THE  
BICESTER COUNTRY.

for them the picturesque and exquisite environment which characterised the old kennels at Wakefield Lawn, the Duke's seat. But the pure picturesque is worth little as against the vitality and strength of hounds, and the increased excellence of the pack under Tom Smith's charge is a signal proof of the wisdom of this move. At Wakefield, the internal arrangement of the various houses and yards was open to much criticism; there was a lack of space and a want of accommodation in certain contingencies which was felt more and more as the pack was developed. Now everything is fit and admirable, and that peculiar character which the hounds possess—a character quite their own—may be brought to a yet greater perfection. It is curious that this trait to which I refer was long since written of by "The Druid," who, when speaking of the hounds as they existed at the beginning of this century, remarks—

"They were rather round than deep in their bodies, had good legs and feet, but wild as hawks. No fox could live before them if he hung and they did not change; but over the open, when the morning flush was on them, they could not hold it, and could never pinch him. They ran by ear more than by nose, and when they got to a ride half the pack would leave the cry, hop round to the next ride, cock up their ears until they heard the others bringing it on, and then throw themselves in at his brush. In the latter days of Joe Smith, Tom Rose hunted them, and for many years afterwards had the whole control of them. He bred them much larger, but never altered their character. He was a fine joyous old fellow as ever cheered a hound, and no one knew better what he was about. Being once asked why he bred hounds so wild, 'Why,' says he, 'I'll tell you why. Nine days out of ten I am in a wood. Every fox I find I mean to kill, and these hounds are the

of the hunt throughout the season. Eminently is it one where the percentage of duffers is low, and of well-mounted and able horsemen large. And were the difficulties of the Pytchley borderland not worthy of great daring and ready nerve, how should we see such professional riders as George Barrett, J. Watts, and F. Webb giving consistent patronage, as they have done for some seasons now? Let it be written, too, that the hon. sec., Mr. Elliott, is one of the best judges of horseflesh in the three kingdoms, and that his services as a judge of hunters is valued at every show which he can be induced to attend. Indeed, the district has such a show of clever men and women that it would be invidious to make any lengthy list of names; but while its difficulties may well be brought out and emphasised, one must not forget that it abounds in easy meadow-land, that its woodlands are among the most beautiful in the Midlands, that it attracts alike the easy-going father of a family and the dashing uninsured youth, that it has a patron who thinks no sacrifice too great for it, that it is not more than two hours from town, so that he who does not shun the early discomforts of a winter's morning dark may reach it for a good gallop almost any day of its weekly three; that its hounds are clever above their immediate neighbours; that it rarely fails to get a fox. And, remembering these things, the more gaudily painted allurements of the Shires may well be put aside by him who is seeking a centre wherein to establish a cosy little stud, and the Duke's considered. Nor can I imagine that anyone who has subscribed to this pack and followed it for one season will find for it anything but that high eulogium with which its members love to speak of anything that concerns the Grafton.

MAX PEMBERTON.



"GONE AWAY!" THE FIRST FENCE FROM WEEDON BUSHES.

five minutes with no cast, and the kill in the middle of a grass-field—to Braddon and to Plumpton Wood, this being the popular day of the week, when the *omnium gatherum* shows all degrees of dash and cleverness, and displays of horsemanship which are neither mean nor lacking in the most profound skill. Wednesday, I remember, is the woodland day in the beautiful Salsey Forest district, where, as they say, is the perfection of woodland hunting in the glorious rides and picturesque glades which abound. On Wednesday one may be at Wicken Spinnies, Lord Penrhyn's place; at Stratford Hill, at Wicken Park, at Tilchurst, or at Salsey Forest itself. But it is rough work, clever work, and you must bring nerve and a lasting horse if you would be anywhere but with the lagging ruck.

The Duke of Grafton's name has been associated with these hounds now for more than thirty years. His liberality and general care for them have been ever most admirable, and nothing has proved it more than the recent building of new kennels at Paulers Pury—kennels which seem generally to be constructed after the Badminton fashion, and to recognise every fact which a close study of hounds has taught us during the century. Not that one can claim

sort that will have him. An open country and a woodland park are different things."

"The Druid" goes on to say that when Tom Rose hunted for Lord Southampton he always got the same result from his hounds, killing his foxes in the woodlands, but being beaten by them in the open; yet that is of a past day, and on either ground the hounds as they are now kill with equal skill. They are inclined to be big, it is true, but are rare workers, and remarkable among all the packs of the district. They could not be in better hands than those of Tom Smith, the huntsman, and Tom Bishop, the first whip, while the Duke's liberality assures their future and the prestige of the hunt.

In the above short sketch I have endeavoured to set down the leading features of the Grafton, but I am aware that it is all-insufficient to do justice to this remarkable pack. Had I the opportunity, I might well speak of the brilliant displays which a meet at Wakefield calls forth, or, indeed, of the uniformly good attendance which is characteristic



THE HUNTSMAN, TOM SMITH, AND THREE FAVOURITE HOUNDS.



## RIPON MILLENARY; A RECORD OF THE FESTIVAL.



The splendid success which attended the celebration of the attainment of the thousandth anniversary of the incorporation of Ripon has led to the issue of a really beautiful volume. The editor of this book, as well as the printer and publisher, is Mr. William Harrison, of

Ripon, to whom we offer hearty congratulations on the completion of his painstaking labours. The story of the festival is given, with many admirable illustrations, by that facile artist, Mr. J. Jellicoe, who was present on the happy occasion. The eye of the reader is also delighted with the graceful sketches by Mr. Herbert Railton, who has lent his skilful aid in designing the titlepage and tasteful binding. The commencement of the festival, which attracted visitors from far and wide to the picturesque city of Ripon, took place on Wednesday, Aug. 25, 1886, when a civic procession made its way to St. Wilfrid's Cathedral. Here the late Archbishop of York (Dr. Thomson) preached an eloquent sermon, after which (and the important addition of a luncheon) a public meeting was held in the old Market Square. A splendid torchlight procession, under the most competent direction of Mr. D'Arcy Ferris, "Maister of ye Revells," concluded the inaugural day of the festival. On the Thursday morning the commemoration of the jubilee of the bishopric of Ripon took place in the cathedral. The following day will live long in the memory of all those who participated in the remarkable revival of ancient days and deeds in the grounds of Fountains Abbey. The pageant, judging from the excellent sketches of Mr. Jellicoe, must have been a picture glowing with actuality and startling by its accuracy. The City Car was gracefully headed by the Mayoress of Ripon (Mrs. Baynes) as the "Genius of the City." A play entitled "Robin Hood and ye Curtall Fryer," whose original encounter took place on the very spot where its dramatisation was given, lent interest to the proceedings. An extraordinarily minute record is given in this book of the municipal history of Ripon. The antiquary lights on such passages as this: "Sampson Cowper, merchant and mercer, removed from his office of Alderman for non-attendance at the Corporation meetings, and inability to pay Scot and Lot, 17 March, 1658." In this unfortunate Alderman's mayoralty, King Charles passed through Ripon "mounted on a Scotch pony, with his feet tied together," and to the salutations of some admirers the monarch "removed his high-crowned hat, and, bowing low, replied, 'God bless you, fair ladies.'" Earlier still, we find an indenture of an apprenticeship of a Ripon lad to a London mountebank, more grandiloquently called a "professor of the arte of actyvitie of the bodye, dauncynge, saultyng, and dyvers other exercyses thereto belongynge." There is a careful list of the Parliamentary representatives of Ripon from 1295 downwards, and an excellent index. The many skilled pens that have contributed to this handsome memorial have apparently laboured in the spirit of Shakspeare: "What find you better or more honourable than age?" Nor must we forget the part played by the printer, whose art has been carried to a high point of excellence in this splendid volume.

## WELLINGTON RACE CUP, NEW ZEALAND.

The Racing Club at Wellington, the capital of New Zealand, offers a silver cup, with a purse of five hundred sovereigns, for the prize of its most important annual race.



THE WELLINGTON RACE CUP FOR NEW ZEALAND,  
MANUFACTURED BY MESSRS. MAPPIN AND WEBB.

The handsome cup shown in our Illustration has been manufactured, of sterling silver, by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of the Poultry, London.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

Historical research would probably show that there is nothing new about "log-rolling" except the name. Formerly it was called "puffing," but this term ignored the kindly interchange of civilities, dictated by the golden rule, which is of the essence of the custom. But the custom, or system, or whatever it ought to be called, was evidently imperfectly developed sixty years since, as would appear from an unpublished letter of Sir (then plain Captain) John Franklin to his sister. That wicked sister had been tempting John to puff himself, and he resisted manfully. He was writing his first "Narrative" (1823)—"a laborious task," he said, "being totally unaccustomed to such undertakings." "I cannot," he went on, "my dear sister, enter into your feelings respecting puffing. Surely that would be quite an unworthy act for me to do. I ought and do feel most grateful for the public favour I have already received, but you will believe my assurance that this very general expression of fame causes me much pain." No sentiments could be more characteristic of that "heroic sailor-soul."

Franklin abounded in good qualities, but none was more conspicuous than his modesty. As Charles Lamb said of another hero similarly endowed, Thomas Clarkson, when it was proposed to "pillarise his good feelings during his lifetime"—"We should be modest for a modest man." We waited for Franklin's death, and for a good while after, before "pillarising" him; but we have not done it modestly. The monument which (it may be as well to mention) stands near the Athenæum Club has for its most conspicuous inscription the word "FRANKLIN." I was walking past it one day with a distinguished American man of letters, whose eye caught the name. He looked at the figure and exclaimed, "It's not a bit like Franklin!" I could only try to suppress my blushes as I explained that for patriotic Englishmen there was only one Franklin, the obscure person, Benjamin by name, of whom he was probably thinking having been a rebel. What else could I say? Is it too late to take away our reproach by adding the Christian name "John" to the inscription?

One of the kindly "recollections" of William Bell Scott regarding Dante Rossetti was of the eagerness and even elaboration with which the inestimably greater of the two painter-poets made arrangements for the reception of his first volume of poems. The "recollection" has been warmly resented, and its veracity as warmly denied. The oddest of the denials comes last—in this month's *Blackwood*, in which Mr. Skelton confutes "Scotus's" alleged slander by printing a letter of Rossetti's which many readers will consider to be its confirmation. That such readers will be quite wrong is little to the point. Rossetti's anxious preparations for a *Lobgesang* are there displayed, and by his own hand, to a dull world. But they were not ignoble. His friends had pressed him to publish poems, for which, as he was well aware, the public ear was unprepared, and his timidity was merely that of a man who, in escaping from the upper window of a burning house, begins by throwing down a feather bed. Perhaps he ought to have been more courageous—perhaps, also, he ought to have been somebody else. But he was born super-sensitive—super-sensitive even for a poet, and he luckily had the common-sense to recognise the fact. It is our braying reception of anything new to our long ears that is responsible for the manifestations of timidity we censure. Perhaps I should add that these remarks are not intended for the encouragement of persons whose sole equipment is super-sensitiveness.

Again, for the thousandth time, the question of the nose in relation to its wearer's character has come up, and the discussion will doubtless leave it as it was, indeterminate. Strange that none of the perplexed students has taken the firm grip of the feature which Hazlitt achieved when describing Coleridge—the Coleridge of 1798, it may be as well to note, for he, like Milton, may have, in the course of years, "modified his nose by mere force of character." "His nose, the rudder of the face, the index of the will, was small, feeble, nothing like what he has done." It is notable that Carlyle, in his incomparable finished portrait of the Highgate Coleridge, does not mention his nose at all—a strange omission for so realistic a portrait-painter; and in the first sketch of the sage which Thomas sent from London to brother John the feature is dismissed with the contemptuous, undescriptive epithet, "snuffly."

In a letter written by Leigh Hunt in 1828, and now offered for sale, he accepts an invitation to dinner, to meet "your Amicus triplex—Parson, Painter, Poet," adding: "I hope you have not left punning out of the list of your humanities." Who was Hunt's friend's friend? Most probably the Rev. John Eagles, of Clifton, one of the few men who went about on just these three particular feet, and whose fading memory was pleasantly revived the other day by Mrs. Andrew Crosse in her entertaining "Red-Letter Days." Old and even middle-aged readers of *Blackwood* cherish kindly recollection of the many articles he contributed under the name of "The Sketcher"—and we may be sure, if it was really he whom Hunt met, that that each found a man after his own heart.

Having disposed of the copyright of "Poems by Two Brothers" in the proper quarter, Messrs. Macmillan and Bowes are now offering to part with the material substance of the original manuscripts for four hundred guineas. They comprise poems and correspondence together, about a hundred pages, mainly in the handwriting of Charles and Alfred Tennyson, so that the price works out easily at four guineas per page. Purses equal to this are, perhaps, more numerous, certainly more in evidence in America than among ourselves, and there is therefore a danger of this treasure crossing the Atlantic—which would be a pity. But if the matter be taken up promptly the loss may be avoided, if not by aid of one purse, by the combination of many. Trinity College, Cambridge, has for one of the chief glories of its library certain manuscripts of John Milton's poems, though Milton was not of Trinity. Tennyson was, and why should not four hundred past and present members of Tennyson's college be found to subscribe a guinea apiece wherewith to add to the glory of

their library? They have already his bust, but that lacks the personal interest which attaches to these manuscripts. Some may think that a manuscript of Tennyson's maturer years would be preferable for such a purpose, and there is something to be said for the preference. But nothing adequate of the kind may ever be attainable, and here is something at hand which possesses an interest quite unique—the first runnings of the poet's rich vintage, and full of a promise much more than fulfilled.

These manuscripts are not the less but the more interesting and valuable by reason of their comprising the work of Charles as well as of Alfred, although there now exist no means of distinguishing the work of each. The vendors make no mention of Frederick, which would seem to indicate that the statements put forward that he also contributed to the volume are either erroneous or of doubtful authenticity. Fifty-six of the poems are in Charles's hand, fifty-one in Alfred's, and six in a hand as yet unidentified. It is highly improbable that the handwritings correspond to the authorship—each poet more probably transcribed his own and his brother's (or brothers') indifferently, with the direct purpose of mystification. Ten of the poems have never been printed, and of the hundred and three which compose the volume "there is hardly" (we are told) "one that has not been altered; while in the case of some of the poems the variations between the manuscript and the printed volume are numerous."

Had the proof-sheets been preserved the corrections would have betrayed the authorship, but they were probably destroyed for that very reason. That the anonymity of the volume was very deliberately determined on is shown by two letters to the printers—one objecting to the initials "C. & A. T.," which had appeared on the proof; and another, which is politely but firmly argumentative on the point: "The 'C. & A. T.' did not form part of the agreement. You, of course, added it inadvertently." K.

## THE WATERLOO CUP (COURSING), 1892.

On the eve of the annual contest at Altcar for the Waterloo Cup of 1893, Messrs. Mappin Brothers, silversmiths, of Cheapside and Regent Street, have placed on view at their show-rooms the beautiful cup or vase won last year by



THE WATERLOO CUP (COURSING), 1892.

MANUFACTURED BY MESSRS. MAPPIN BROTHERS.

Colonel North's famous dog Fullerton, a work that has been nearly ten months in hand. It is of solid silver, with gilding alternately of bright and dead gold, which brings out the outlines of its form and decorative design. The whole stands 4 ft. 6 in. high, including the figure of the noble animal on the top of the cover. On the body of the vase are sculptured panels; one shows two dogs with the hare at the winning-point; others contain portraits of the owner and trainer, and of Mrs. North and Miss North. The middle panel is surrounded by wreaths of laurel, with a ribbon bearing the record; the owner's arms, crest, and motto are displayed in the centre. The handles and foot of the cup are finely adorned with acanthus leaves and blossoms, in the classical style.

The Earl of Dunmore arrived on Feb. 15 at Constantinople from a long journey on horseback through different countries of Central and Western Asia. His Lordship rode from the Punjab frontier westward a twelvemonth ago,

During a Carnival village festivity at Deutsch-Pereg, in Hungary, a fire broke out in the inn where a large party of rustic folk were dancing and revelling; seventeen persons were burnt to death, and others were severely injured. It was caused by the accidental ignition of a cask of petroleum.

The new war-ship Grafton, for the Royal Navy, constructed two years ago by the Thames Ironworks Company at Blackwall, has been completed and removed to Chatham. She is a cruiser with protective armour, 300 ft. long, 60 ft. broad, and of 7250 tons displacement, with engines of 12,000-horse power, expected to give an extreme speed of 19½ knots; she will carry two nine-inch guns on deck, ten six-inch guns, and twenty-six smaller quick-firing guns.



## THE GRAFTON GALLERIES.

The long-deferred opening of the Grafton Galleries is the chief incident of interest in the art world, and the promises put forward by the promoters of this undertaking have been amply fulfilled. The galleries are roomy, well lighted, and handsomely decorated, and they are, moreover, so arranged as to break the monotony of a series of rooms more or less identical in shape and size; and as the meeting-place of the "Gallery Club" they will make the soirées of that society more than ever attractive.

The managers of the "Grafton" are certainly very catholic in their views of art. They have given a welcome to nearly every school of contemporary art—if we may reckon Mr. Watts, Mr. Orchardson, Mr. Boughton, and Mr. David Murray as true exponents of the English Academic school. The Newlyn and the Glasgow schools are strongly represented, and so are the Whistlerites, headed by the master, whose full-length portrait of Lady Meux in a black dress and white fur cloak is one of the most attractive pictures in the exhibition. In like manner, French, Belgian, Dutch, and German art is represented by the leaders or followers of the various groups into which foreign art is divided, but even stronger than any of these is the group of American painters domiciled at or around Paris, of whom Mr. G. Melchers and Mr. Charles Sprague Pearce are the best known. The bronze statuettes and some of the terra-cotta figures, especially those by the Belgian sculptors, are for the most part full of power and animation, and one of them, "The Man of Sorrows," by a Louvain artist, is full of pathos.

On the hanging of the pictures generally tastes will be much divided, but it seems a mistake to have mixed up with so little discrimination British and Continental art. Moreover, sufficient care has not been shown in preventing a picture of bright colour extinguishing its neighbour painted in a low tone; and in one or two cases dark, shadowed pictures have been hidden away in recesses to which daylight, at least, finds its way with difficulty.



Of the pictures themselves, in addition to those already mentioned, there will be found some which have established themselves in popular favour. Mr. F. Brangwyn's "Buccaneers" (7) is a larger treatment of seafaring life on the north coast of Africa than he has yet attempted; but, bright as it is, it is not so brilliant in sunlight as M. Emile Claus's "Soleil d'Arrière Saison" (4), a Belgian incursion into the school of M. Monet. A Flemish naturalist, M. Franz van Leemputten, has chosen for his subject the "Return of a Pilgrimage" (12)—on a hot and sunny day—but the back view of the broad-shouldered peasantry of the Campine and their semi-modernised costume do not make a very picturesque scene. Mr. G. Melchers is to be seen at his best in church, and both his pictures, "Faith" (16) and "The Wedding" (270), represent the interior of some Dutch village church, with its white-washed walls, its simple worshippers, and their quaint costumes. It was a hard fate which condemned the delicate and subdued tones of M. A. Gandara's "Le Thé" (15) to be placed beside Mr. Melchers' broadly painted work; but he is not worse treated than M. Raffaelli, whose interesting picture of M. Clémenceau at an election meeting (84), which is hung in a sombre alcove. Mr. William Stott of Oldham's idea of Iseult (62) arriving off the coast of Cornwall will not rouse the appreciation of Wagnerians, and M. Besnard's portrait of a lady partially lighted by natural and partially by artificial light—known at the Salon as "Jaune et Blanc"—will attract more wonder than admiration. Segantini's "Punishment of Luxury" (102), Rysselberghe's portrait of a lady in a theatre (202), Roll's "Seascape in Brittany" (232), Carrière Belleuse's "La Ballerina" (276), Gervex's portrait of a girl in white (290), and, above all, Félicien Ropp's "Une Attrapade" (320) will attract general attention, and, from some, unqualified approbation. The last-named artist, a Belgian by birth and feeling, is chiefly known in this country by his etched work, but, although wholly careless of atmosphere, he shows in his oil-painting much strength and masterfulness of drawing.



THE GALLERY OF BRITISH ART AT MILLBANK, TO BE ERECTED BY MR. HENRY TATE.





A PEASANTS' WEDDING IN HUNGARY.—BY T. VÉGIN.



SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

One of the most pleasant features of this column is the correspondence which reaches me from interested readers in all parts of the world. I have to thank very many unknown friends for their help and advice in the compilation of these weekly jottings, and still more for many facts and incidents which residence abroad enables them to contribute to our knowledge of Nature in her varied aspects. I continue, for example, to receive letters from distant lands regarding the companionship of snakes, and concerning the idea that when one snake is killed its companion will seek out the place of despatch, or even, it is alleged, attempt to avenge that companion's death.

A correspondent writing from Dutch Guiana, regarding the "Bushmaster" snake, tells me that these deadly reptiles are always to be found in couples, and that, according to the Indian tradition or belief, if one is killed the surviving snake will follow and attack the slayer, unless he crosses water, when the scent is supposed to be lost. My correspondent once shot a snake of the species mentioned, and his men insisted on remaining near the spot until the companion snake had been killed. The second snake was speedily found close by, and was duly despatched. Another correspondent tells me that when riding along one day following the fresh tracks of a horse, he came upon a live black snake beside a recently killed one. Dismounting, the rider killed the second snake with the stick which had evidently been used to despatch the first victim. On arriving at the next station the lady of the house told him that she had killed the snake, and had seen the two, although she had been unable to capture the one which my correspondent had despatched. The lady had passed by about two hours prior to my correspondent's arrival, so that the surviving snake had returned to the spot where its companion lay killed. These were black snakes. This and the previous recital show that the idea of the companionship of snakes has something more than mere tradition by way of support.

Mr. Ernest Hart has, so far, redeemed his promise to give us an *exposé* of the "New Mesmerism" at present in vogue in Paris. His exposure is very full and complete, and it will be difficult, I imagine, for Dr. Luys to bring counter-evidence or testimony by way of rebutting the English criticism. Mr. Hart proved by experiment that the phenomena wherein a mesmeric subject mewed like a cat when a tube containing valerian touched her, or became intoxicated when a tube containing alcohol was brought in contact with her, are simply fraudulent exhibitions. It was quite sufficient to suggest that valerian or alcohol was in the tube. Mr. Hart, in proof of this contention, employed tubes which contained neither of the substances in question, and all the so-called hypnotic phenomena were nevertheless duly reproduced.

Put in plain language, then, the "New Mesmerism" is simply a series of frauds. A doll, supposed to be *en rapport* with a sleeping woman (a hypnotic subject), and which she supposed she had touched and thus imbued with her "sensitiveness," but which she had not touched or seen at all, acted as perfectly in evoking phenomena as the presumed sensitised doll. When the hair of the doll she had not seen or touched was pulled, she shrieked and exhibited the signs of pain which, on the mesmeric theory, should only have been evinced by the touching of the doll she had seen and "sensitised." In a word, there is trickery enough and to spare about all these manifestations, which, by-the-way, I hear, are beginning to be fashionable at drawing-room *séances* in Paris. The *morale* of the whole thing is almost beneath criticism, and those who believe in or practise hypnotism on this side of the Channel will have to look warily about them to see that they, in turn, are not deluded by clever tricksters of the kind whom Mr. Hart has duly exposed.

A week or two ago I alluded to a certain "new discovery," whereby it was asserted that a Vienna physician had experimented with water, salt, and sugar, used by injection beneath the skin to produce local insensibility to pain. I then said that I disbelieved in the report, and suggested a trial of patience in view of further information. That information has come to hand. It appears that what the physician did recommend was a solution of cocaine which was to be used in a special manner by way of avoiding poisonous or injurious effects. Along with the usage of cocaine there is employed ether spray. It is evident the account I quoted is simply a silly or careless piece of reporting, and the incident of the water, salt, and sugar solution as anaesthetics may once again serve to render us all chary of receiving (and still more chary of believing) many of the wonderful ideas and novelties for which the modern paragonist is responsible.

Inoculation against cholera is the latest outcome of germ-science. M. Haffkine has been lecturing before medical circles on this topic, which has formed the subject of his special study at the Pasteur Institute. Dr. Roux has been associated with him in these researches. So far, M. Haffkine's experiments appear to have been attended with success. Inoculated animals, I learn, even after some months' interval, resist large doses of cholera-poison. The inference is drawn that man may be similarly protected against the Eastern scourge, with a re-visitation of which, I see, sanitarians tell us, we are likely to be afflicted this year. The difficulty, of course, will be to prove that on man the action of inoculation will be effective; while we must not forget that one attack of cholera does not necessarily protect against a second. M. Haffkine, I believe, is on his way to India to study the disease.

Pending the discoveries of science in the way of cholera-inoculation, what is left for us all to do by way of prevention is to ensure the absolute purity of our water supplies everywhere. It may be that the germs of cholera are occasionally air-borne, but the usual mode of conveyance is by water—a point in which, of course, typhoid fever itself resembles the Eastern disease. Dr. William Budd's famous investigations showed this paramount fact, and the prevention of cholera, in one word, means simply "cleanliness all round," with instant isolation of every case which may occur.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

- G W BLYTHE.—It can only be a matter of opinion at best, and we do not care to express one without careful study.
- R J W (Shepherd's Bush).—In the diagram you send the Black King cannot move to K 2nd, and there is no mate on the move, but Black mates in two in any case.
- F A HOLLOWAY (Grand Rapids, Mich.).—Your problem shall appear shortly.
- B W LA MOTHE (New York).—In No. 1 P becomes Q prevents mate, but one or two of the others are marked for publication.
- C T BLANCHARD.—The amended position shall receive another examination.
- C S P.—We have given you credit for the solution.
- COLLIER.—You have made an error. There is a White Rook at K B 8th.
- G WOTHERSPOON.—Your indictment is a true bill. The similarity you point out is certainly striking.
- W BIDDLE (Stratford).—Problem to hand, with thanks.
- CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2541 received from S D Hill (Indian Orchard, Mass.); of No. 2543 from R Syer (San José) and J M Dennett (San José); of No. 2544 from W H Thompson (Tenerife), J M Dennett, and F A Holloway (Grand Rapids, Mich.); of No. 2545 from F A Holloway and W H Thompson; of No. 2546 from Ernesto Empis (Parada de Gonta); of No. 2547 from Odham Club, Angus Macphie (Perth), Fitz-Warain, A H Brown, J H Tamisier (Heppen), and Judith Verna (Parada de Gonta); of No. 2548 from G Grier (Hednesford), Vi (Turkey), Mark Dawson (Horsforth), Charles Zgraggan (Borne), A H B, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), R Jamison, and E H Whinfield.
- CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2549 received from Alpha, J Coad, E E H, H B Hurford, A H B, C E Perugini, Ignoramus, G Joirey, A Newman, J F Moon, Fr Fernando (Glasgow), Martin F. Joseph Willock (Chester), Nanki-Poo (Bourne End), A E McC, Dr F St, W M B (Cheltenham), W P Hind, A T Froggatt (Kilkenny), Anglim, W Guy, jun. (Johnstone), M A Eyre (Folkestone), J D Tucker (Leeds), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), W R Baillem, G A Derke, J A L Barker, R Worters (Canterbury), F J Knight, Columbus, Mrs Kelly (of Kelly), W E Kenway, T Roberts, Charles Burnett, W Wright, H S Brandreth, R H Brooks, T G (Ware), Sorrento (Dawlish), Hobhouse, G Wotherspoon, Odham Club, E Bygott (Sandbach), Victorino Aoz y del Frago, Mark Dawson, E Morris, and T P Townend.

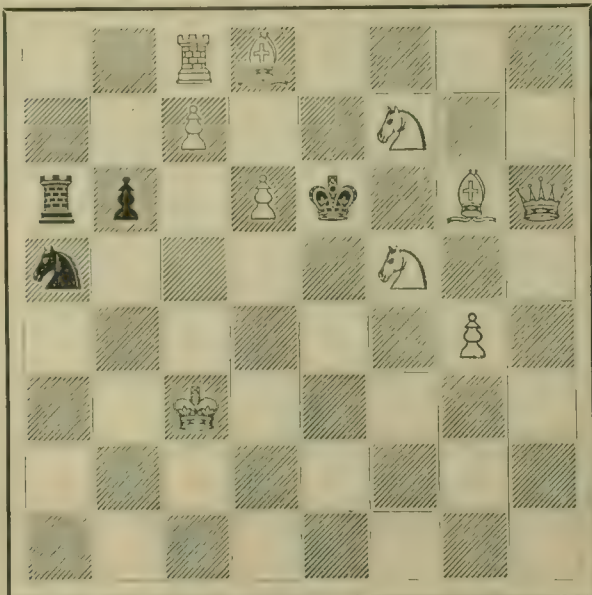
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2548.—By REGINALD KELLY.

- WHITE.
1. Q to K R 7th
  2. K to Kt 4th
  3. Kt to B 6th. Mate.
- BLACK.
- If Black play 1. K to B 4th, 2. Q to R 7th (ch), K takes P; 3. Kt to Q 4th, Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2551.

By S. P. PAVRI (Bombay).

BLACK.



WHITE  
White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN PHILADELPHIA.

Game played between Herr LASKER and Mr. SHIPLEY.

(Steinitz Gambit.)

- |                  |                  |                 |                  |
|------------------|------------------|-----------------|------------------|
| WHITE (Herr L.)  | BLACK (Mr. S.)   | WHITE (Herr L.) | BLACK (Mr. S.)   |
| 1. P to K 4th    | P to K 4th       | 12. P takes B   | K R to K sq (ch) |
| 2. Kt to Q B 3rd | Kt to Q B 3rd    | 13. K to Q 2nd  |                  |
| 3. P to K B 4th  | P takes P        |                 |                  |
| 4. P to Q 4th    | Q to R 5th (ch)  |                 |                  |
| 5. K to K 2nd    | P to Q 4th       |                 |                  |
| 6. P takes P     | B to Kt 5th (ch) |                 |                  |
| 7. Kt to B 3rd   | Castles          |                 |                  |
| 8. P takes Kt    | B to Q B 4th     |                 |                  |
- The game is at this point a good illustration of two contending theories much discussed years ago. On the one hand, it is maintained that White can safely win the piece and escape with the King; on the other hand, it has been asserted confidently that White must now lose. Black's attack being so very strong with K R to K sq threatened.
- |                   |             |                |                 |
|-------------------|-------------|----------------|-----------------|
| 9. P takes P (ch) | K to Kt sq  | 14. P to B 3rd | B takes P (ch)  |
| 10. Kt to Kt 5th  | Kt to B 3rd |                | Q to B 7th (ch) |
| 11. P to Kt 4th   |             |                |                 |
- An original variation, less satisfactory than P to B 3rd.
- |     |                 |                 |                  |
|-----|-----------------|-----------------|------------------|
| 11. | B takes Kt (ch) | 15. K to Q 3rd  | R to K 5th       |
|     |                 | 16. Q to R 4th  | Q takes B P (ch) |
|     |                 | 17. K to B 4th  | P to Q R 4th     |
|     |                 | 18. P takes B   | Q takes K        |
|     |                 | 19. Q takes P   | Q takes B (ch)   |
|     |                 | 20. K to Kt 3rd | Q to Q 6th (ch)  |
|     |                 | 21. K to R 4th  | Q to B 7th (ch)  |
|     |                 | 22. K to R 3rd  | K takes P        |
- Black wins. White having only one or two useless checks left. A most exciting game.

BLINDFOLD CHESS.

A brilliant specimen of Mr. BLACKBURN'S blindfold play, played recently at Beckenham.

(King's Gambit declined.)

- |                 |                  |                 |                  |
|-----------------|------------------|-----------------|------------------|
| WHITE (Mr. B.)  | BLACK (Amateur.) | WHITE (Mr. B.)  | BLACK (Amateur.) |
| 1. P to K 4th   | P to K 4th       | 10. K to R sq   | Kt to B 5th      |
| 2. P to K B 4th | Kt to Q B 3rd    | 11. Kt to B 3rd | P to Q 3rd       |
|                 |                  | 12. Kt to Q 5th | B to Kt 5th      |
|                 |                  | 13. P to Kt 4th | Q to B 3rd       |
|                 |                  | 14. Q to Q 4th  | K to B 2nd       |
|                 |                  | 15. B to R 6th  |                  |
- Having declined the gambit, to take the Pawn is a mistake. He should have played P to Q 3rd.
- |                   |                |                    |             |
|-------------------|----------------|--------------------|-------------|
| 4. B to B 4th     | B to B 4th     | 15.                | Kt to K 3rd |
| 5. P to Q 4th     | Kt to R 4th    | 16. Kt to K Kt 5th | K to K sq   |
| 6. B takes P (ch) | K takes B      |                    |             |
| 7. P takes B      | K to K sq      |                    |             |
| 8. B takes P      | Q to K 2nd     |                    |             |
| 9. Castles        | Q takes P (ch) |                    |             |
- A curiously interesting position. If P takes B, White wins the Queen by dis ch with Kt to K 5th.
- |                    |             |                   |              |
|--------------------|-------------|-------------------|--------------|
| 15.                | Kt to K 3rd | 17. R takes Kt    | R to K Kt sq |
| 16. Kt to K Kt 5th | K to K sq   | 18. Q R to K B sq | P takes B    |
- White mates in three moves.

Reviews of Chess Master Play. Translated from the German of Jean Duttresne by C. T. Blomfield, M.A. These are games selected from the leading tournaments of recent years, arranged as far as possible to illustrate the openings. They are copiously noted, and furnished with diagrams to mark the critical situations. The work, being also possessed of an index and a biographical notice of all the masters, ought to find a place in every student's library. The publisher is Mr. W. W. Morgan, New Barnet.

The Chess Editor is a new venture in chess journalism which has its headquarters in Manchester. The circumstances of its start have been somewhat unfortunate, owing to the illness of its conductor, but we trust, with Mr. Miniat's return to health, a more prosperous career is assured. It could not be under more able guidance so far as the interests of the game itself are concerned.

A champion tournament will take place at Cambridge at Easter, commencing Monday, April 10. It will be open to those amateurs who have already won first-class honours. The play will be continued for a week; entrance-fee £2 2s., and the whole of the entrance-money, without any deductions, will constitute the prize fund. The following seven players have already signified their intention to compete: Messrs. Blake, Gunston, Loman, Owen, Porterfield, Rynd, and Skipworth. All communications to be addressed to the Rev. A. B. Skipworth, Tetford Rectory, Horncastle.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Though Court dress is a fixed and immutable uniform in its main outlines, there are certain modifications possible, and the changes in general fashion are always marked in the Drawing-Room gowns. In the dresses prepared for the first Court of the season the novel styles that are making their way in evening costumes generally are fully represented. The Empire mode, with the waist immediately under the arms, and the long skirt thence depending, is managed well in some Court models. The train in these is worn from the shoulder, and either an Empire belt or a band of ribbon outlines the shape immediately beneath the bust. Puffed sleeves are this season simply universal in Court as in all good evening gowns; the shoulder-strap is non-existent now. Falling lace or chiffon to form a deep berthe is another "note" of the new dresses. We have for so long had a stiff effect in this line, with the trimming drawn tight round the figure, that falling frills are a novelty, and perhaps look attractive for that reason; but I do really think that a drooping trimming to finish the edge of a *décolletage* is the more artistic and graceful. A style that contests popularity with the drooping berthe is a frill widening from the centre of the waist upward, and growing extremely wide as it passes over the puffs of the sleeves at the shoulders; the V-shaped centre space that this leaves being filled by soft folds either of the material or lace or chiffon.

I saw a Friends' wedding ceremony for the first time the other day, and I think my readers would like to hear all about it. The bridegroom was a clever and rising young literary man, Mr. George B. Burgin—not, I believe, a "Friend"; but the bride was a Quakeress, and the women brought up as "Friends" rarely consent to have any other than their own wedding service, whatever the bridegroom's profession of faith. The unadorned "meeting-house" is by no means a church. It is a mere large room; some of the men are even sitting in it with their hats on. No special table or railing or any other token marks off a minister's place. The front row of benches is reserved for the bridal party, who presently enter—every lady escorted by a gentleman, as though the ancient institution of the groomsman was still here flourishing. Then the bride comes, on her father's arm and, looking anything but Quakerish in gown and long train of white satin, with "1830" frill edged with swansdown, and huge sleeves, and a tulle veil, and orange-blossom spray on her head; she goes to the front row of seats and sits down straightway beside her bridegroom. Then ensues an awful pause. It is, no doubt, one of the secrets of the Quaker calm of mind and steadiness of purpose that they are so trained to wait. They abundantly carry out George Meredith's rule: "On with your mission, with never a summing of results in hand, or thirst for prospects, or counting upon harvests." The Friends learn so well how to wait that they care not if their causes seem not to progress, or if no advantage appear to follow from their earnest efforts. They wait and work on steadily; and to-day they can truly say, as one of them once did to me, that no "cause" that the society has ever taken up has failed, in the long run, to succeed. The pauses of that wedding service, however, were dreadful: it lasted an hour, and three-quarters of that went in pauses.

After the first considerable wait which followed the bride's entrance a Friend rose and gave an address on marriage, and then (after a pause) a second Friend did likewise; after this the bride and bridegroom, without receiving any signal, rose, and, joining hands, he first and she next repeated the following beautiful but extremely simple vow, the same for each: "Friends, in the fear of God and the presence of this assembly I take this, my friend A—B—, to be my wife, promising, by God's assistance, to be to her a faithful and loving husband till it shall please God by death to separate us." No ring was given, no other formula followed: but both sat down again, and then (after a pause) a lady prayed for a blessing on the new home. The marriage certificate was (after a long pause) read aloud by the registrar: it set forth the names of the newly married pair and their parents, and the vow made, and then the couple and their relations signed it; after which any friends present in the church were invited to affix their names, a large space being left for the purpose. It was all so simple, and (save for the pauses) so pretty and attractive that I was charmed.

Theatrical ladies have the credit of being the first women to form an organisation for the helping of the less fortunate of their own profession by the more prosperous. These ladies, under the presidency of Miss Fanny Brough and with the hon. secretaryship of Mrs. C. L. Carson, have formed a "Guild" with the kind object of preparing and lending babies' clothes to mothers, whether minor actresses or otherwise employed about theatres, who are too poor to find these necessities for their own little ones. The ladies subscribe to purchase the materials and make them up at weekly sewing bees held at Mrs. Carson's house. The whole thing seems to be admirably managed: fifty-seven cases have been helped, there are funds in hand, the accounts are regularly and properly kept, and in every way the enterprise is creditable to the ladies who carry it on. The meeting was remarkably interesting; they all looked so well-dressed and well got-up, so bright, so clever, so self-reliant, and the speaking was so unaffected, fluent, and sensible! Mrs. Carson, in black silk, with a zouave bodice edged with gilt passementerie opening over a turquoise velvet folded vest, looked the very incarnation of capacity and kindness. Miss Fanny Brough, who wore a brown tweed tailor gown and a big brown straw hat with yellow flowers in it, was a perfect president, vivacious and yet business-like. Very interesting, too, were the looks of stately Miss Genevieve Ward, who seemed every inch a queen, with her grey hair waved and parted slightly to one side of her handsome face, and who wore plain black cashmere, with huge sleeves; of Miss Beatrice Lamb, who wore a shepherd's plaid gown and black coat trimmed with bear, and a picture hat, and who made haste to say that though the ladies at the sewing bee talk a great deal, they never talk scandal; and of Miss Carlotta Addison, who spoke very prettily of the joy of a mother to have her baby look nice, as well as to know that it is snug and warm.





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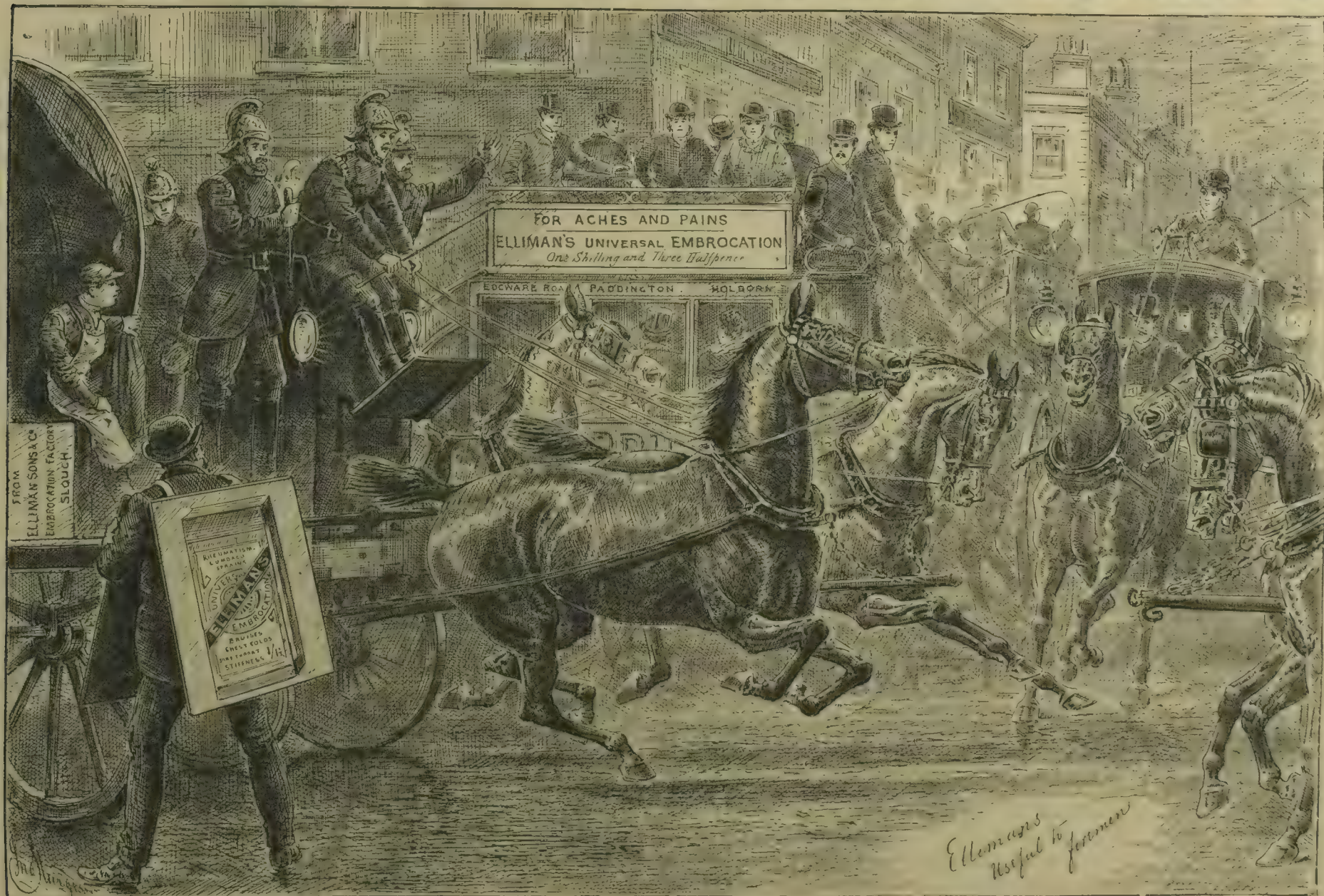
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## A FOOLISH GIRL.

BY MRS. ANDREW DEAN.

Marjorie Lane was an only child, and her father was very rich. He was a stockbroker. He was also an honourable, kind, and much-respected man. His wife was easy-going, rather foolish, and very affectionate. They both thought Marjorie the most important person in the world. They were sure she was the prettiest girl in it. They gave her the most beautiful clothes they could find, and as many trinkets as a young person can wear with propriety. They lived in a nice house, and invited Marjorie's friends to dine and dance there as often as she chose. In short, Marjorie was a very lucky girl, and should have been well satisfied. She did recognise that, with one exception, the conditions of her life were fortunate; but this exception was such a big one that it seemed to spoil everything else. It was like a piece of garlic in a spice-box. She knew that her father meant her to marry her cousin, Dick St. John, when he came back from Australia.

Marjorie remembered Dick as a big, good-looking young man of twenty when she was a child of twelve. Seven years ago she had adored him. But as she grew up and went out and met other young men she began to envy her girl friends their freedom, their chances of personal choice, their pleasant little flirtations. She felt hedged in.

Marjorie knew that her father would never countenance any marriage but the one he had arranged; nevertheless, towards the end of May, when Dick was expected home, she found herself drawn further and further into a romantic friendship with Monsieur René Cadelle, a Frenchman, who spoke English with a Cockney accent, and gave singing lessons to Marjorie and many of her friends. He was not one of those musicians who give their lesson and go away again. He went into society as much as possible, and Marjorie met him at dances, concerts, and afternoon crushes. Wherever they met they flirted. Monsieur Cadelle had sentimental eyes, a slim, languorous figure, and a turn for quoting French poetry. Marjorie rather enjoyed these little attentions for a time. They covered her with social glory because Monsieur Cadelle was a new pet. His notice conferred distinction. So Marjorie let him go on, and that was foolish.

One Saturday afternoon, when, for a wonder, she had stayed at home, Monsieur Cadelle dropped in without much excuse and sat down to sing. Mrs. Lane stayed in the drawing-room, but it was very hot and she soon fell asleep. The two young people were practically by themselves. He began to accompany his song by glances, and as he had asked her to turn over for him she could not look away much. When, however, he seized her right wrist and sang with his eyes fixed on her face she grew very uncomfortable. The street bell rang, and she tried to free her hand, but instead of letting it go he seized the other. It was thus imprisoned that Dick St. John first saw her on his arrival in England.

He stood still in the doorway a moment and stared at them. Mrs. Lane woke; Monsieur Cadelle smiled, said one or two nothings, and fled. There was a little hubbub and fuss. Amid it all Marjorie stood silent and ashamed. She felt furious with Monsieur Cadelle.

Dick St. John was a broad-shouldered, strong-looking man, rather silent and very sensible. He did not quote poetry. He said Marjorie had grown. He did not begin to woo her at once, as she expected he would do. He left her alone a good deal, and talked mostly to her father. Marjorie thought he treated her like a little girl—a little girl who has not behaved very well. At first she tried keeping him at a distance, but he seemed content to stay there; then she tried to charm him. Perhaps she did not do it wisely; anyhow, it made no impression. Then she got angry, and one night, at a dance in their own house, she flirted outrageously with Monsieur Cadelle.

A week later she went to an afternoon picnic at which both young men were present. Marjorie had hoped that Dick might show his regard for her on this occasion, but it almost seemed as if he felt none. He allowed René Cadelle to push himself forward and remain at her side the whole time. Even when the party scattered to explore the woods, the musician, and not her cousin, followed her. She felt quite cross; and he got cross, too, because his quotations fell flat. It seemed to Marjorie that they spent hours in those horrid woods. It got darker every moment, and as the evening grew Monsieur Cadelle became more tender. He soon confessed that he had lost the way, and when she asked the time he owned that it was past the hour appointed by their hostess for a general rendezvous. They were bound to miss the train.

By a lucky accident they soon struck the towing-path, and, once there, Marjorie knew how to get back to the village. She walked on steadily, and paid as little attention as she could to her companion. She thought that all difficulty was over when she reached the station, but, to her deep chagrin, she found that they were too late for the last "up" train. There would be one more "down" train, and that was all. Marjorie asked Monsieur Cadelle to get a carriage at once. While he went about it, she sat down in the station, and discovered that she was trembling with uneasiness and vexation. What would her father and mother say? What would everyone say?

Here was Monsieur Cadelle back again! How white and excited he looked! What very unpleasant eyes he had. She had once said he had beautiful eyes. She had said so to Dick—like a little fool. What was he saying? He could get no carriage! Marjorie started to her feet, white with anger and distrust.

"Then we will walk to the nearest town and find one there," she cried.

Monsieur Cadelle let her get a dozen yards outside the station and then he stopped her. He chose that moment to declare his love, to propose that she should be his wife. She could not break away from him, he held her hands so tight.

Marjorie looked up and down the road. There was no one in view; but with a throb of hope she heard the coming train. If it stopped, if anyone got out and walked away from the station, she might escape. Either Monsieur Cadelle would have to let her go or she would cry for help. Meanwhile, he was doing his best to coax her on, to bewilder her with ardent and imploring appeals, to sketch the path of roses they would tread together. He knew that Marjorie could afford to buy the roses. But she stood there rigid and unheeding, her eyes fixed on the station door.

The train did stop. There was a moment of suspense and anguish, and then someone appeared. Marjorie gave a wrench that nearly upset Monsieur Cadelle. It was so sudden that he slackened his hold, and when he recovered his balance he saw her clinging to Dick St. John's arm.

"I found you had missed the train," said Dick, in his matter-of-fact way. "So I got out the first time we stopped, and came back for you."

Mr. and Mrs. Lane were sitting up for their daughter in much anxiety. They forgave her, however, when she arrived with Dick; they even consented to sit up a little longer and drink to the betrothal of the cousins.

Monsieur Cadelle tells his friends in confidence that Marjorie would have run away with him if he had wished; but, although most people are fools, they do not believe him.

The emanation of a book from Windsor Castle is a literary event, and the brochure which, by special permission of the Queen, has just been compiled by Mr. Leonard Collmann, the inspector of the palace, for the guidance of visitors admitted to the private apartments will doubtless be greatly appreciated by those who may be privileged to see the royal rooms, and for whom it is designed as a souvenir of their visit to the Castle. The work is entitled "Windsor Castle: A Notice of the Private and State Apartments," and its frontispiece is adorned with a handsome portrait of the Queen, signed by herself, in which her Majesty is depicted wearing her royal robes and crown, and sitting in a state chair. The letterpress is of an exceedingly interesting character. The opening pages are the most attractive, and are devoted to brief descriptions of the splendid collection of works of art, paintings, bronzes, statuary, historical relics, old English and French furniture, rare porcelain, miniatures, engravings, armour and arms, and tapestries which adorn the corridor and the other royal rooms, and which are not shown to the public. Among the noticeable works of art in the corridor is a bust of the Queen, sculptured when her Majesty, as Princess Victoria, was only ten years old. Another is Winterhalter's celebrated picture of the "First of May, 1831," the family group in which shows her Majesty holding in her arms the Duke of Connaught, to whom his godfather, the Duke of Wellington, is presenting a casket. Other paintings represent the "Queen's First Council" and various other notable events of her Majesty's reign. General Gordon's Bible, which was presented to the Queen after his death, and is carefully preserved in a silver-gilt mounted crystal casket, also lies in the corridor through which the Sovereign passes when walking from the Victoria Tower to the drawing-room and private chapel. The Queen's Private Audience Room, which is described as "one of the gems of the Castle," bears the inscription: "This Chamber was altered and decorated under the superintendence of H.R.H. the Prince Consort, in the 24th year of the reign of Queen Victoria." The work bristles with curt, yet interesting information respecting the priceless art treasures in the royal apartments, and its collation is highly creditable to its author. The book is only intended for private circulation.

## REVIEW OF THE "ALBUM MARIANI."

AMONG the works of art in book form published during the last twelve months, the *Album Mariani* merits a foremost place. It is a veritable "gallery of contemporary celebrities," containing etched portraits by the well-known draughtsman Mr. A. Lalauze of those famous in art, science, and literature. If musical and histrionic art appear to be accorded an unduly large

share of pictorial distinction, it is doubtless due to the fact that the public love to gaze upon the features of those who have so powerfully contributed to render enjoyable the hours of leisure. Among those who have already testified to their satisfactory experience of the Mariani Wine, we may note, in musical score, that of Gounod, while Ambrose Thomas joins in the concert of grateful praise. His Eminence the late Cardinal Lavignerie, writing to M. Mariani, observes: "America furnishes the basis of your admirable wine, which has conferred on my White Fathers, the children of Europe, the strength and courage to undertake the civilisation of Asia and Africa." Madame Delaunay, glass in hand, drinks success to this invaluable tonic, a sentiment which Mesdames Holmès, Séverine, Richard, and Conneau have hastened to endorse and approve. The Coquelins, *ainé* and *cadet*, smile approval from the pages of the album, giving place, as we turn the leaves, to Edison, Jules Simon, and Rochefort, the indefatigable Sarah, together with Drs. Sajous, Sir Morell Mackenzie, Lennox Browne, Bouchut, Cornil, Fauvel, and Lataud to represent the medical science of the United States, England, and France. The *raison d'être* of this gallery of portraits is evidently to afford documentary evidence of the unfailing resources of the Mariani Wine in stimulating and invigorating the flagging intellectual and physical powers. When Gounod says, "Honneur, honneur au Vin Mariani!" and alludes to it "as the valuable wine which has so often rescued me from exhaustion," it is evident that M. Mariani's preparation possesses serious claims to the patronage of those who, in the bustle and worry of a civilisation at high pressure, fall victims to nervous prostration. Princes and plebeians alike are amenable to its vivifying effects: witness the presence of his Majesty Dom Pedro in this collection. Seeing that authors and artists, orators and vocalists, dramatists and actors, men of leisure and men of science, come forward in concert to render a graceful tribute of gratitude for benefits derived from its use in times of over-pressure and exhaustion, the Mariani Wine is evidently a nervine tonic of the first order, capable of stimulating and invigorating the nervous system as a whole. Insomnia, the penalty that the gifted pay for strain, disappears as the over-wrought nervous system is brought back to a condition of healthy and

productive activity; the pangs of dyspepsia are assuaged, and cerebral fatigue gives place to a feeling of reserve power. It is undoubtedly a fact that now, more than ever before, we live and work in a state of high pressure, which is a constant strain upon the system.



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*Dom Pedro II. Mariani*



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*Ch. Cardinal Lavignerie*

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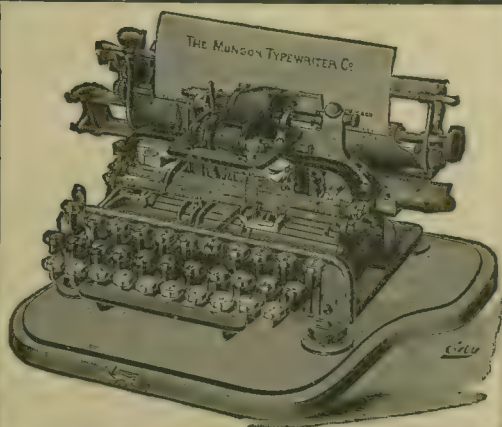
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## MUSIC.

"The Golden Web" was successfully produced by the Carl Rosa Opera Company at the Court Theatre, Liverpool, on Feb. 15. It proved to be what everyone anticipated—a delightfully melodious and pleasing opera, and characteristic in well-nigh every detail of its gifted and lamented composer. To know with what grace and charm Goring Thomas could invest the simplest of themes one has only to study his mode of employing harmony and colour in the lighter pages of his earlier scores. A subtle, delicate touch will often convert a commonplace tune into a phrase of bewitching melody, and that was an art which Goring Thomas understood. Hence the impossibility of his ever writing music that betrayed a suspicion of vulgarity. Into "The Golden Web" he introduced some lively numbers, that approached more nearly to the productions of Audran and Planquette than anything else we have heard from his pen. But he only echoed the rhythmical beat of their merry 2—4 and 6—8 measures; he could not have descended, had he tried, to the banalities of *opéra-bouffe*. There is just sufficient individuality of style and ingenuity of treatment about this music to render it interesting to the cultivated amateur, and at the same time it is so entirely free from complexity that any child can follow and understand it on a first hearing. It ought, therefore, to become genuinely popular, and so we believe it will when the libretto has undergone the compression necessary in order to make the plot concise and strong. These alterations are, we understand, being carefully carried out by Mr. B. C. Stephenson, not only for the Carl Rosa Company, but in view of the forthcoming production of the new opera at the Lyric Theatre, where it will at once succeed "The Magic Opal." The story, as we explained last week, owes its origin to "The Chaplain of the Fleet," and were it not attenuated by division into three acts might claim to afford quite as much dramatic interest as English comic opera plots like those of "Dorothy," "Doris," or "Haddon Hall." There is plenty of life and bustle in the Fleet scenes, while the opportunity for a gay and picturesque spectacle in the act which takes place at Ranelagh Gardens has been fully seized in the Liverpool production, and will, no doubt, be used to equally good advantage at the Lyric. Altogether, we like "The Golden Web" immensely, and feel inclined to predict for it a lengthy and prosperous career, both "in and out of town."

The Ash Wednesday performance of Gounod's "Redemption" at the Albert Hall drew an enormous audience. It was excellent in all respects, and more especially in so far as it brought into prominence the growing talent and capacity of young artists who are now working their way towards the front rank of popular favourites. For example, Miss Esther Palliser, whose début here in oratorio we noted about a month ago, made another distinct step in advance by her artistic and expressive

rendering of the soprano music. She sang the air "From Thy love as a Father" with such beauty of tone and phrasing as to earn a hearty encore—no small compliment at an Albert Hall performance of this work. Another rising vocalist, Miss Marie Brema, likewise distinguished herself in the contralto part; while Mr. Norman Salmond earned unanimous praise for his fine delivery of the important passages allotted to the bass Narrator. Miss Marguerite Hoare, Mr. Iver McKay, and Mr. Watkin Mills completed the group of soloists; and Sir Joseph Barnby conducted, as usual, a magnificent choral rendering of Gounod's beautiful work.

The first of the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts held since the series was interrupted for the customary recess took place on Feb. 18, and was attended by a tolerably crowded audience. A sympathetic round of applause, more than once renewed, greeted Mr. Manns on his entrance, being doubtless intended to indicate that the sorrow which had recently befallen the worthy conductor was fully shared by his Sydenham friends. The scheme of the day contained nothing new beyond a couple of piquant and effective movements from a suite entitled "Faschingsbilder," from the pen of Herr J. L. Nicodé, one of the leading professors at the Dresden Conservatoire. These, however, were placed last in the programme, and may therefore be more properly dealt with when Mr. Manns gives us the entire suite, an act of justice which he certainly owes Herr Nicodé. His splendid orchestra earned its accustomed laurels in Beethoven's C minor symphony, and played with notable delicacy the accompaniments to the same master's pianoforte concerto in G major, No. 4, the solo in the last-named work being interpreted with admirable purity of mechanism and finish of style by Master Otto Hegner. This was no mere boyish achievement, but a brilliant display of technical facility, combined with a depth of artistic sentiment that would have done credit to any adult virtuoso. We may here mention that Otto's little sister Anna, a violinist of some eleven summers, made her début in London two days before, at Steinway Hall, and met with warm encouragement at the hands of a numerous audience. Anna Hegner may not have the full development of musical instinct nor the extraordinary command over her instrument that her brother possessed at the same age, but she is unquestionably endowed with talent of a high order and is fairly entitled to be regarded in the light of a "prodigy." During the early part of her recital the child was extremely nervous, and this somewhat affected her intonation, but she improved as she went on, and ended by sending her auditors into raptures.

At the Monday Popular Concert on Feb. 20, Dr. Joachim led an irreproachable performance of Cherubini's string quartet in D minor, No. 3—the last of the published three belonging to the Florentine master's only set of six quartets. The slow movement of this work is especially beautiful, and the scherzo is replete with fancy and humour. Dr. Joachim was ably supported

by Messrs. Ries, Straus, and Piatti, of whom the two last named also joined him in Beethoven's G major trio, Op. 9, No. 1. The great violinist gave a superb rendering of Tartini's sonata in the same key, adding a piece by Bach for an encore. Mlle. Ilona Eibenschütz was the pianist, and gave in charming fashion four of the so-called "sonatas" of Domenico Scarlatti, winning loud applause and an encore. In the absence of Madame Alice Gomez, who was suffering from hoarseness, Mrs. Creser (wife of the well-known organist Dr. Creser) sang some songs by Brahms, Lassen, and Cowen with considerable taste.

The Central and Associated Chambers of Agriculture, presided over by Mr. James Lowther, having received the report of a special committee upon Lord Winchilsea's scheme of a National Agricultural Union, resolved on its adoption, proposing that the Central Chamber of Agriculture should take steps to carry that scheme into effect.

The deciding match of the county championship football competition under Rugby rules was played at Carlisle, on Feb. 16, between Cumberland and Yorkshire. The championship was won by Yorkshire, which defeated Cumberland by one goal and five tries to nothing.

A singular case, tried in the Chancery Division of the High Court of Justice, was determined on Feb. 16 by Mr. Justice North. It was a suit to set aside a settlement in favour of a boy supposed to be the son, not born in marriage, of a Mr. Frederick Coxon, now deceased. The boy's reputed mother, Kate Neville, had not actually given birth to the child, as she pretended, but had procured the babe from another unmarried woman, Annie M'Andrew. Kate Neville afterwards became Mrs. Schofield, and received the interest of the money during twelve years until Mr. Schofield, from whom she is divorced, having discovered the fraud, exposed it to Mr. Coxon's family. The settlement was annulled, and the judge said the plaintiffs, Mr. Coxon's brothers and sister, were entitled to an order for the refunding of the money hitherto paid to the defendant.

The President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Mundella, on Feb. 15 received a large deputation of members of the House of Commons, representing commercial and manufacturing, agricultural and mining interests, to complain of the increased tariffs of railway charges on goods traffic, and to ask that the Board of Trade should obtain powers to regulate this matter in all disputes with the railway companies. Mr. Mundella expressed his own opinion that the railway companies were in the wrong, but recommended that they should be allowed time, until Easter, to revise their new tariffs and to reduce their rates on the basis of those in force before Jan. 1, otherwise a Government measure would be introduced to settle the question. In consequence of this Ministerial declaration, the Bill moved next day in Parliament by Sir James Whitehead was, by general consent, withdrawn at the second reading.

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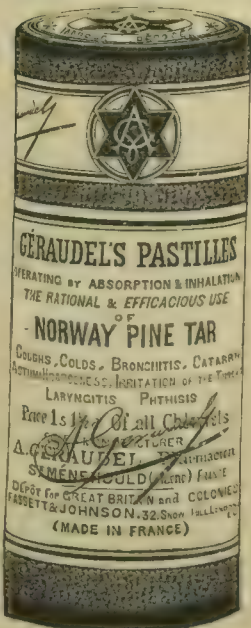
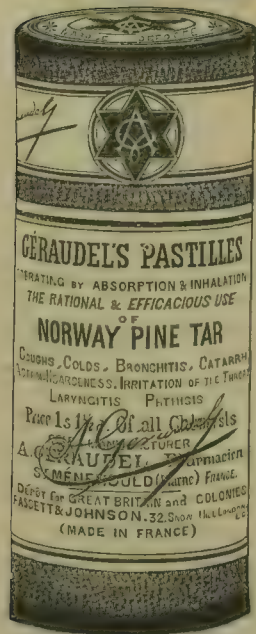
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 7, 1892) of Mr. Barclay Field, a partner in the Cannon Brewery Company, late of Beechy Lees, Offord, Kent, and of 26, Hill Street, Berkeley Square, who died on Nov. 7, was proved on Feb. 11 by George Hanbury Field, the brother, and Robert Henry Bullock Marsham, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £240,000. The testator bequeaths £70,000, upon trust, to pay the income to his sister, Mrs. Laura Marsham, for life, then £800 per annum to her husband, Mr. R. H. B. Marsham, until he shall remarry, while his (testator's) nieces Mary Marsham and Leila Marsham remain spinsters; on the marriage of one of them the annuity is to be reduced to £500, and of both to £300; subject thereto, he gives four fourteenth parts of the capital sum to each of his nephews, Charles, and Robert Marsham, and three thirteenth parts to each of his said nieces. He also bequeaths a brougham, open carriage, pair of carriage horses and harness, and the half in value of the wines in his cellar at Mark Lane to his said sister; £5000 to his goddaughter, Mary Marsham; £15,000 each to his nieces Isabel Field and Hilda Esther Field, to be payable at, and interest thereon to run from, the death of his brother; an annuity of £25 to Miss Emma Cooke; and legacies to his butler, housekeeper, head carpenter, and upper servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his brother, the said George Hanbury Field. He requests his trustees to arrange for one of his nephews, Charles Marsham or Robert Marsham, to be admitted into partnership in the Cannon Brewery Company.

The will (dated Dec. 19, 1892) of Mr. John Baker White, J.P., late of Street End, near Canterbury, who died on Dec. 29, was proved on Feb. 11 by Alexander Musgrave Hilton and William Edward Rigden, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £177,000.

The testator gives £500 and all his jewellery, plate, pictures, books, furniture, effects, horses and carriages, to his wife, Mrs. Dora White. He also gives her two annuities of £1000 each, one to be payable out of his personal estate, and the other charged on his real estate, in addition to the provision made for her by their marriage settlement. He bequeaths £25,000 each to his sons, James Hilton Baker White and Alec Baker White; £2000 upon the trusts of the marriage settlements of each of his daughters Mrs. Mary Surtees and Mrs. Dora Beatrice Parkinson; £14,000, upon trust, for his daughter Joan White; and legacies to old servants of his late father. His residence at Street End he leaves to his wife during widowhood, and, subject thereto, he devises the same and all his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold property to the use of his son, John Wilfred Baker White, for life, with remainder to his first and every other son successively, according to seniority in tail male. The residue of his personal estate he gives to his son who shall first attain twenty-one.

The will (dated May 29, 1891), with a codicil (dated July 23 following), of Mr. Sydney Kennedy, late of the Stock Exchange and 39, Cleveland Square, who died on Dec. 5, was proved on Feb. 7 by Sydney Ernest Kennedy, the son, Montague Barron, and Charles Armand Hoghton, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £160,000. The testator bequeaths £1000 and all his household furniture, plate, books, effects, wines, stores, horses and carriages to his wife, Mrs. Adelaide Helen Kennedy; his jewellery and personal ornaments to his said son; his oil paintings and water-colour drawings to his wife for life, and then to be divided between his three children; £105 to the Stock Exchange Benevolent Fund; and £105 to each of his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then for his three children, Sydney Ernest Kennedy, Mrs. Edith Adelaide Barron, and Mrs. Ada Blanche Hoghton, in equal shares.

The will (dated March 25, 1869) of Mr. George Clarkson, late of 341, Holloway Road, and 38, Great James Street, Bedford Row, surveyor, who died on Nov. 1, was proved on Feb. 11 by Henry Clarkson and Miss Agnes Hunt, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £140,000. The testator bequeaths £100, all the furniture and effects at his house, and an annuity of £300 to his wife, Mrs. Emma Clarkson; and there are a few other bequests. As to the residue of his property, he leaves four twentieths each to his cousins, Eliza Clarkson and Isabella Hunt; and one twentieth each to five children of his uncle Henry Clarkson, two children of his uncle Thomas Clarkson, the three sons of his uncle Edmund Clarkson, Anne, the daughter of his aunt Anne Richmond, and Agnes Hunt, the daughter of his cousin Isabella Hunt.

The will (dated Nov. 8, 1892) of Mr. John Boosey, late of Mount Avenue, Ealing, who died on Jan. 13, was proved on Feb. 9 by Mrs. Rose Emma Boosey, the widow, Andrew Stephens, Edmund Blair Leighton, and William Henry Vandrey, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £74,000. The testator leaves his house at East Cliff, Herne Bay, to his wife, and the remainder of his real and leasehold estate, upon trust, to pay the income to her for life. He bequeaths £2000, and all his furniture and effects, horses and carriages, to his wife; £1000 each to his sisters Harriet and Charlotte Boosey; an annuity of £72 to his brother, Edward Cunningham Boosey; and an annuity of £150 to Rosetta Emily Clapson. The residue of his personal estate is to be held, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife for life, or so long as she shall remain his widow; and in the event of her marrying again one moiety of the income is to be paid to her and the other is to be allowed to accumulate. At his wife's death he further bequeaths £10,000, upon trust, for Violet Helen Ross; £3000, upon trust, for Mabel Sarah Boosey; £5000 to John Boosey (son of his cousin William); £1500 to his sister Ellen Reid; £1000 each to his nephew Philip Harold



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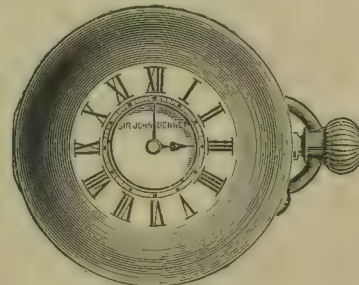
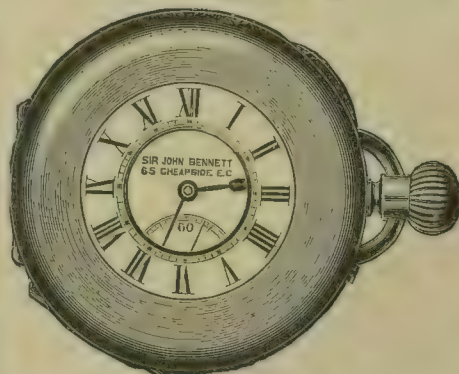
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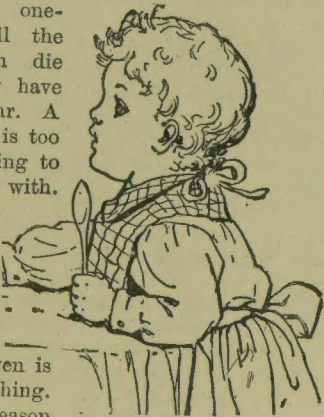
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which imparts whiteness to them, without the least injury to the enamel. The gums are made healthy by its use, and that mortifying defect, a repulsive breath, is completely remedied by it. Sozodont is in high favour with the fair sex, because it lends an added charm to their pretty mouths,



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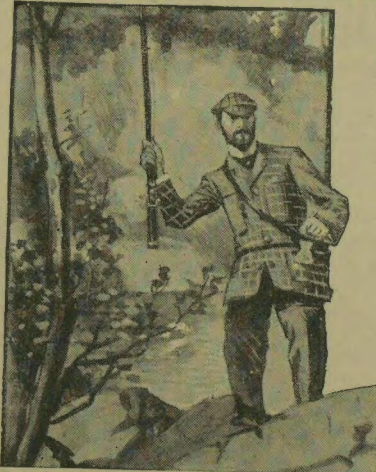
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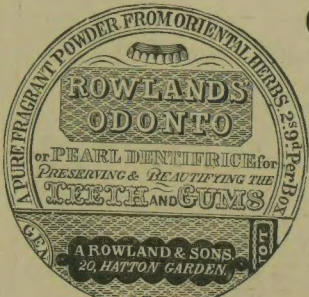
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Lear (King of Britain) .. Mr. Irving.  
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Boosey, and his niece Frances Blair Leighton; and legacies to other of his relatives. The ultimate residue he gives to Edmund Blair Leighton absolutely.

The will (dated May 18, 1892) of Mr. John Michael Koecher, late of Victoria Villa, Victoria Park, Manchester, merchant, who died on Oct. 29, was proved on Feb. 7 by Mrs. Helene Johanna Koecher, the widow, John Edgar Koecher, the son, and Robert Dukinfield Darbishire, three of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £60,000. The testator bequeaths £3000, all his moneys invested through the Frankfurter Bank, Frankfurt, and the moneys standing to his credit at the said bank, and all his jewellery, plate, pictures, furniture, effects, wines and household stores, horses, carriages, and live and dead stock, to his wife; £1000 to his grandson, John Julius Jersey von Knoop, if he survives his (testator's) daughter, Frida Emilie; and £10,000 each to his sons, John Edgar and Otto Julius, but £5000 advanced to the latter is to be taken into account. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life or widowhood; in the event of her marrying again he gives her an annuity of £500; subject thereto, the residue is to go to his children or remoter issue, as his wife shall appoint.

The will (dated Nov. 1, 1886), with two codicils (dated Aug. 5, 1887, and July 27, 1891), of Mr. Joseph Aldridge,

formerly of Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, and late of 27, Montague Place, Russell Square, solicitor, who died on Jan. 12, has just been proved by Charles Aldridge, the son, Julian Robins, Arthur Riley Gillman, and Miss Eleanor Aldridge, the daughter, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £46,000. The testator bequeaths £5000, upon trust, for his grandsons, Joseph and Charles, the sons of his deceased son Joseph; and legacies to children, sons-in-law, daughters-in-law, his faithful clerk Mr. Saul, executors, domestic servants, and others. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to all his children and the children of any deceased child, except the children of his deceased son Joseph.

The will (dated Aug. 13, 1892) of Lady Ida Anna Waldegrave, late of 2, Eaton Rise, Ealing, who died on Oct. 17, was proved on Jan. 31 by John Wardlaw and Rowland Nevitt Bennett, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £11,000. The testatrix gives legacies to her executors, maid, niece, and godson, and others; and leaves her residuary estate, upon trust, for her brother-in-law, Mr. John Wardlaw, for life, and then for her great-niece and nephews, Ida Frances Waldegrave Boyle, Francis Hervey, and William Hervey.

The will of Mr. Richard Taylor Nelson Howey-Taylor,

late of Beadnell Chathill, Northumberland, who died on Nov. 10, at Berne, was proved on Feb. 7 by Mrs. Violet Howey-Taylor, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £8483.

The will of Mr. Michael Hickman-Grazebrook, formerly Colonel of the 3rd Battalion of the South Staffordshire Regiment, late of Hagley, Waverley Road, Southsea, who died on Nov. 12, was proved on Feb. 1 by William Charles Hunter and Percival Johnson Burt, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £7646.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Sir Henry de Burgh Lawson, Bart., late of Gatherley Castle, Richmond, Yorkshire, who died on Oct. 1, intestate, were granted on Feb. 6 to Dame Fanny de Burgh Lawson, the widow, the value of the personal estate amounting to £1550.

The Court of Appeal in Ireland, on Feb. 16, rejected an appeal of the Crown against the judgment of the Irish Court of Queen's Bench, which had decided that the Executive Government cannot legally withhold the assistance of the Royal Irish Constabulary from county sheriffs or sub-sheriffs or their bailiffs executing writs and warrants of the law courts in the hours of night. The Court of Appeal found it had no jurisdiction.

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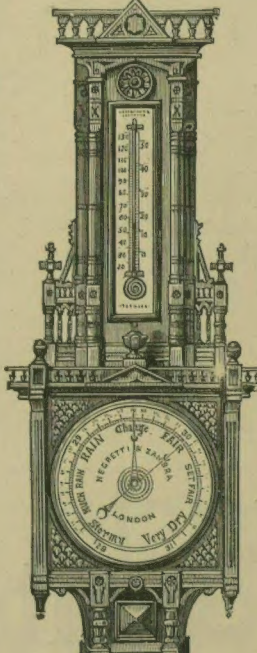
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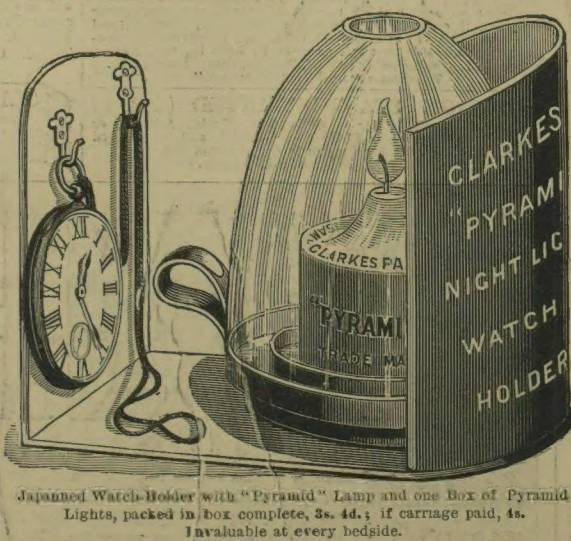
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